

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

NO. 8.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
12:59 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
5:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
1:04 P. M. Daily.	
5:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:23 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
5:49 A. M. Daily.	
11:16 A. M. Daily.	
12:59 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
6:02 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).	

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

### TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every twenty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

### TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abbot, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

### POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

### MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.....9:00 3:00

From the South.....10:00 6:45

### MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5, South.....8:30 a. m.

No. 14, North.....9:50 a. m.

No. 13, South.....2:30 p. m.

No. 6, North.....6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.

Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

### MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m., at the Court room.

### DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT

Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City

TREASURER

F. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR

F. M. Granger.....Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

H. W. Walker.....Redwood City

ASSESSOR

C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER

J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City

SHERIFF

Wm. P. McEvoy.....Redwood City

AUDITOR

Geo. Barker.....Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City

SURVEYOR

W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

### EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deaths and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

Frances B. Raymond to John R. Coryell.....410

82 1/2 acres Guadalupe Rancho.....14

Chas. Riboult to Jos. Aschewand.....14

to 19, blk 62, Abbey Homestead.....10

South S. F. L. & I. Co. to Herman Gaerdes.....10

to 40, blk 118, S. F. L. & I. Co. to Herman Gaerdes.....10

Robert E. Neil and Jane M. Neil to Webster Trust.....10

part blk 19, San Mateo.....10

J. R. Brown and wife to Jennie M. Collins.....25

F. E. Luty and wife to Chas. Harris.....10

blk 1, Abbey Homestead.....10

Edw. Conney and wife to F. E. Luty.....10

blk 12, Abbey Homestead.....10

John T. Duna and Wm. J. Martin to M. G. Martin.....10

W. J. Martin to M. G. Martin.....10

Same to same.....10

Same to same.....10

F. E. Luty and wife to J. J. Mehan.....10

blk 176, Abbey Homestead.....10

Cypress Lawn Imp't Co. to Mrs. Jane Vernon.....170

non-lot in Cypress Lawn Cemetery.....170

Mary L. Parsons by her atty-in-fact to J. J. Rafter.....10

lots 10 and 11 blk 10, University Heights.....5

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.

Phil M. Rodol to El Cerrito Land Co.....2000

El Cerrito Land Co. to Phil M. Rodol.....2000

Chas. Violi to Humboldt B. and L. Ass'n.....400

lot 12, blk 30, City Ex. Hd. Ass'n.....400

Mrs. Barbara Knopf et al to Levy Bros.....840

acres 3 miles N. E. Spanishtown.....840

J. L. Hague and wife to Treat.....600

blk 19, Town San Mateo.....600

W. Z. Price and wife to Chas. Reid.....3000

and blk 6, San Mateo.....3000

J. L. Greer to Geo. H. Rice.....6500

lands designated by mrs. Greer.....6500

The taxes in Washington for the year 1895 will be due and payable January 13, 1896, and persons cannot be notified of the amount of their taxes prior to that date. Taxes for 1895 will not be delinquent until May 31. Under the present law no rebate will be allowed for payment of taxes, as heretofore.

Last week 36 cents per bushel was the ruling quotation for club wheat in the Palouse country, and point with in a radius of 100 miles of Spokane. At a few points the price is a little lower, but that is controlled by local influences.

## NEWS NOTES.

The International Bell Telephone Company has declared a dividend of 6 per cent.

The American National and Union National Banks of Omaha are to be consolidated.

W. E. Hodges has entered upon the duties of assistant to President Ripley of the Atchison.

The Union Pacific has agreed to call in all the tickets which have been causing demoralization on the market.

There is every prospect of a settlement of the fight between the Union Pacific and the Denver and Rio Grande over Colorado and Utah rates.

The Grand River, Idaho, flood continues to rise and now averages a depth of seventy to eighty feet in the channel, and great desolation is being caused.

The Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railway has decided to increase the capital stock from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000. This insures the completion of the road to the Gulf of Mexico.

David F. Hannigan of New York, whose trial for the murder of his sister's betrayer resulted in a verdict of insanity, has been discharged from the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane.

The heavy rainstorm of last week caused many washouts and did great damage to the railroads in Southwestern Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory, interfering with traffic to a great extent.

Robert Fitzsimmons, accompanied by his family and the members of his theatrical company, have gone to El Paso, where he will train for his fight with Maher, which takes place on February 14.

A. D. Thurston, who in 1886 organized the Order of Railway Telegraphers at Vinton, Ia., and was its grand chief for seven years, is at the police headquarters at Clinton, Mo., with his wife and six children, destitute and cared for by the city.

Seventy-five members of the Illinois Club will invade Mexico next month and will remain in the republic probably a month or longer as the guests of various American, Mexican and Spanish clubs. The party will leave Chicago January 21, over the Chicago & Alton road, in a train which is considered one of the handsomest that ever left the city. In the City of Mexico President Diaz will receive the invaders and give an informal reception in honor of the event. Superintendent Johnson of the Mexican Central railroad will take them in a special car to see a bull fight or some equally interesting Mexican pastime.

The Herald's Caracas cable special says: Venezuela is making active preparations for war as a possible outcome of the boundary dispute with Great Britain. Four places between Caracas and La Guayra have been fortified. Mr. Russell, Secretary of the American Legation, arrived in La Guayra the other day. He was given a rousing reception and a cannon salute was fired in his honor. After a great mass meeting the citizens in the Simon Bolivar plaza called to thank the President of the United States for his message on the Monroe doctrine and its application to the boundary dispute with Great Britain.

Paul Jones' "Scratch" Crews.

One of the strangest things in Paul Jones' career was the success he achieved with "scratch" crews. In his greatest fight, contemporary history says, he had "as bad a crew as ever was shipped," being made up of all nations, among them Maltese, Portuguese and Malays who did not always comprehend the word of command. Paul Jones has been severely denounced for having returned to the place of his birth bent on destruction; but, as Cooper justly points out, an officer's oath obliges him to do all in his power to harass the enemy, and it was not only Paul Jones' right, but his duty, to use his knowledge of the Scotch and Irish coast in the prosecution of the war. If he had any feeling on the subject, it would have been his duty to suppress it. But Paul Jones probably had no feeling whatever except resentment. He had left his native land as a child, and upon his last visit he had been cruelly ill used, as he thought, and he did his duty on this cruise with no more repugnance than he would have felt at doing it elsewhere—and did it mercifully.—"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Sea well, in Century.

Expensive Firewood.

An amusing incident recently occurred at a grocer's shop in Plaistow. Now, the packets of tea exhibited in the windows of the shop in question are "dummies" made of wood.

A lady who wanted some tea refused a packet from those kept in the racks behind the counter, as she said they were different from those in the window. The manager, recognizing the fact that she would only accept those from the window, was forced to gratify her wishes. The packet was duly wrapped and the money taken, but the purchaser was evidently ashamed of herself, as she never returned the block of wood, for which she paid ninepence halfpenny the half pound.—London Globe.

May Betray Him.

"I think," said the cheerful idiot, "that it will not be long before the fellow who was arrested for the murder of that man Saturday will be convicted."

"Do you think he is going to confess?" asked the landlady.

"Oh, no," said the cheerful idiot. "I base my idea on the fact that the confinement in prison may tell on him."

## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Slope Photographed For Ready Reference.

A FEW INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS

News Both by Mail and by Wire—Brief Items From Slope States and Territories.

Pomona is soon to have a free delivery of the United States mail.

The total cost of the new Spokane county courthouse is \$376,266.82.

Two Icelanders are in Tillamook Or., looking for a place for a colony.

Riverside county has no bonded indebtedness and \$172,000 cash on hand.

The Garfield, Wash., town council has firmly resolved hereafter to shut off all who will not promptly pay their water rent.

Henry Para, charged with an assault to murder Policeman Canfield, whom he shot in a Fresno saloon, was acquitted.

Moses Somersfield, an aged solicitor, was run down and fatally injured by a coasting sled at Seattle, Wash., the other day.

The creosote plant at Ballona, through which the piling at that place was treated with creosote, is to be removed to San Francisco.

The first issue of the Oregon Poultry Journal, published at Salem by George D. Goodhue, is full of news of interest to all poultry-raisers.

The final survey of Big Creek, which is to furnish electrical power for Santa Cruz, has been completed. The plant will be in operation next May.

Thunderstorms have visited Tillamook City, Or. Several children in a school building were burned by lightning, but no one was dangerously injured.

J. C. Hannah is trying to secure a bonus from the people of Medford, Or., that will enable him to begin making pottery there. So far he has been quite successful.

A Tacoma Judge has decided that shaving is a necessary work, and accordingly released two barbers accused of violating the city ordinance against working on Sunday.

Land-grabbers and squatters are seizing upon the lands in the vicinity of Grapeland, which are the subject of dispute between the Government and the Southern Pacific.

Joe Scholdenbrand of Vancouver barracks lost heavily at dice, and swore if he lost again he would kill himself. He then lost his last cent and drowned himself in the Columbia river.

Colonel Sumner, commander at Fort Grant, Ariz., is still chasing the renegade Apaches with small chance of catching them. The renegades have been off the reservation six years.

Hettie S. Bopp, wife of Charles P. Bopp, Treasurer of the Salvation Army at San Jose, has sued her husband for divorce on the ground of supreme cruelty. Bopp is said to be worth \$30,000.

Harrisburg, Or., has a murderous lover, who has made several attempts upon the life of Miss Ethel Riddle. A few nights ago he caught her on the back porch of her home and slashed her wrists and neck.

Though the Los Angeles oil wells have a capacity for 1,000,000 gallons a week, the oil fields are not making their owners rich. Lack of tankage and a ruthless policy among oil men impair the trade.

Congressman Johnson writes from Washington to a friend in Stockton that there is small chance of securing appropriations for the Pacific coast during the present Congress. He says Speaker Reed is determined to influence the House to make a record for economy.

A jury at Pasco, Wash., acquitted three men charged with having robbed and driven out of town a number of Chinese employed by the Northern Pacific railroad. Judge Mount censured the jurors, as the evidence was quite clear against them.

The women directors of the Foundling Home in Sacramento, who requested the State Board of Examiners to investigate the charges preferred against the managers of the home by Dr. Waggoner of the City Board of Health, appeared before the examiners recently and were exonerated. Witnesses testified that the children in the institution were well cared for.

Geologist Lindgren has been ordered by the secretary of the interior to make another examination of the now famous school section 16, in Tacoma, for the purpose of further determining the amount and character of minerals deposited there. The right to this section is involved in the case of Mc Bride vs. the State of Washington.

## TO CATCH A THIEF.

If any person had told me the day before it happened that I was capable of stealing a valuable article from the house of a friend, I should have called that person a story teller and deliberately knocked him down.

It was, as I said before, about six months after I had committed the deed when I received a very troubled note from my cousin, Dollie Leslie, urging me to go to her at once.

As I had been kindly put in loco parentis, or in loco fraternal, to Dollie by her husband during his enforced absence, she having no other male relative, there was nothing for it but for me to go immediately. So I went, and a pretty kettle of fish I found when I got there. It seems that Miss Leslie, never very wise, had engaged for herself a companion as a kind of solace for her husband's absence.

This companion, a Miss Lucy Firman by name, had decamped with Dollie's diamond bracelet and a host of other trifles. At least so my cousin declared, and I had no reason to doubt her word, for after a great deal of trouble, I elicited the following facts:

That Dollie had never even taken the trouble to verify her companion's references; that she had thrown herself headlong into a gushing friendship with her new acquaintance, and that Miss Firman had greatly admired Mrs. Leslie's jewels, which, needless to say, had never been properly locked up.

I next questioned the servants. From them I gleaned a good bit of information. "None of them could abide her," "she wasn't a real lady," "for her part she never could see what her mistress took such a fancy to her for, poking, prying thing!" this last from Dollie's own maid.

I returned to my cousin in the drawing room and found that young lady prostrate with grief.

"Dollie," I said severely, "you must rouse yourself! Come now, give me an accurate description of Miss Firman, and if you have such a thing as a photograph of her let me have it. It will be invaluable to us in tracing her down."

Lucy had presented her with a photograph of herself, and after some delay she produced the aforesaid likeness. Armed with this important aid to detection, which I carefully placed between the leaves of my pocketbook, I went straight off to Scotland Yard, and there detailed the case.

"Dark eyes," said the inspector, to whom I had been describing the suspected woman, "with fair hair, tall, good figure, rather handsome, faint indications of a mustache. H-m, think I know the party; been under suspicion before."

"That is all the information you can afford me, then," he said at last, looking steadily across at me.

"All with the exception of the photograph," I replied, taking out my pocket-book and fumbling among its leaves for the picture. It was growing quite dusk in the little office, and I could scarcely see.

Well, about a month went by, and I had heard no good news from Scotland Yard, when one morning I was startled to receive a wire from them saying that the bird was caught.

"Never had a neater case in my life, sir," exclaimed the delighted detective, whom I interviewed about an hour afterward. "Really, the impudence of the woman was remarkable," he continued.

"Living in one of the best London squares with a party she calls her aunt. About as much my aunt as hers," he interpolated, with a chuckle. "And, now, sir," he added, "will you step this way and identify her?"

"I can't identify her," I replied. "I have never seen the woman in my life, but I will bring my cousin, her late employer, here. I suppose she can do all that is necessary."

It was an ordinary prison cell, but looked dark, gloomy, bare and cheerless enough to be the real article.

We stood for a moment or so, until our eyes became more accustomed to the semi-dusk. And then—was I going mad or dreaming? Was that Dollie who was kissing and cuddling her late companion; all the time murmuring words of endearment?

Suddenly the prisoner raised her head, and I saw not the lineaments of Miss Lucy Firman, as portrayed in that unlucky photograph, but the face of the most rarely beautiful girl I had ever seen in my life; face which seemed strangely familiar, and yet one which I could have sworn I had never beheld before.

"There is evidently some mistake," he answered in a confused way.

"This young lady is my sister-in-law, Miss Leslie," here broke in Dollie. The detective glanced at me with calm contempt.

"Let me explain," he said, addressing himself courteously to both ladies. "Pray, madam," he continued, "is not this your photograph?"

Miss Leslie bent forward and looked earnestly at the bit of cardboard. "It is," she answered quietly; "but may I ask how it came into your possession?"

Before the man had time to reply recollection returned to me. My sin of six months ago had found me out. The pretty photo which I had deliberately stolen from my friend's house was a likeness of Miss Leslie, whom I had never seen.

I do not care to dwell upon the time that followed.

It makes me hot even now to think of it, but not quite so warm as did a certain question which I propounded to a dainty little maiden about two months afterward.

"I—don't know," she faltered mischievously, "whether I could marry a kleptomaniac!"

And then I stopped her with a kiss.

"When you took the trouble to steal my likeness," pouted my beloved the next day, "you might have had the grace to occasionally look at it."

And it was only when I gravely declared that the mute evidence of my crime became after a time unbearable to me that the smiles returned to my darling's face.

"You goose," she retorted lightly. "It was simply because you had forgotten the incident."

And I rather think she was right.—Ex.

The first American production of J. B. Sparrow's play, "Jack Harkaway," will take place in Boston on Aug. 26. It is a romantic drama of the time of the peninsular wars.

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# THE ENTERPRISE. FORAKER IN FRONT.

**E. E. CUNNINGHAM,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

## ANOTHER DEAD SEA FORMING.

The Sea of Galilee Becoming Like That Which Covers the Site of Sodom.

Will there be another sea of Sodom? Lieutenant Lynch of the United States navy has established the fact, previously not known with consummate accuracy, that the depression of the Dead sea (also known as the sea of Lot and in the Scriptures as the Salt sea) is over 1,800 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while that of Lake Genesaret is 80 feet lower than the ocean. The measurements were made 20 years ago, a long period in a semivolcanic region. Lake Genesaret is connected with the Dead sea by the Jordan flowing through it from north to south, and engineers and scientists are satisfied that the bed of the Jordan is gradually sinking. My observations of the shores of Lake Genesaret and those of the inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages indicate that the lake is continuously falling toward the bottom, while the water is becoming denser from year to year. The salt strata in its neighborhood are growing constantly, it seems, and sulphur springs are becoming frequent on the plains surrounding it. In the north and east of the lake the palm trees, some of them alive, more of them dead and barren, rise above the water at a distance of from 20 to 40 feet from shore. That they should have taken root in the water is impossible, and the supposition is that originally they stood on islands submerged with the sinking of the lake's bottom.

The catastrophe which resulted in the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and in the formation of the Dead sea is computed to have occurred about 1900 years before Christ. The Dead sea has puzzled scientists ever since, and many of its remarkable features have now been explained. Its depression below the level of the Mediterranean is the deepest known on earth. The bottom of Lake Genesaret is on a much higher level at present, but if it continues to sink as it has done in the last 20 years a repetition of the events of 4,000 years ago is not improbable. As the world has not been treated to a spectacle of terrestrial evolutions on a grand scale within hundreds of years, the creation of a second Dead sea within the compass of ordinary travel would surely attract the attention of all civilized nations and at the same time help to solve many problems of a scientific nature.

Josephus, who was born in 37 B. C., reports that the water of Genesaret was "clear as crystal, sweet and wholesome." I tried to drink of it, but found it putrid and nauseating. It left a salty taste in the mouth. I asked the fishermen, plying their trade on the lake as in Biblical days, whether the water was always unfit for drinking purposes, and received answer that it grew more and more foul every year.

This seems to indicate that the surmises as to the change of conditions in the lake are correct. The water of the Dead sea, as is well known, is entirely unfit for use by man. The stench arising from it creates a pestilential atmosphere for many miles round. I have never been able to approach the lake in summer, but the natives have informed me that about this time of the year the water, even a foot below the surface, acquires a temperature of 90 degrees. It has been observed that past midnight the temperature of the water on the surface measured in the neighborhood of 100 degrees. There is, however, one false impression in the public mind to be corrected. The Dead sea is not dead as to animal life. Hawks, partridges, frogs and pigeons are numerous upon its shores, and all sorts of crawling insects abound there. The sluggish waters, too, are covered with ducks—in fact, the fauna is the same as that inhabiting the shores of Lake Genesaret, with this difference, however—all specimens of the animal world about the Dead sea are slate colored, while those culminating the shores and surface of Lake Genesaret wear their ordinary plumage and scaly dress respectively.

The Lake Genesaret, also called the sea of Tiberias, or Galilee, is situated 65 miles north of the Dead sea. Its extreme length is 15 miles, its greatest width 6 1/2 miles. The water is very deep even at the shores. In some spots its depth measures 160 feet, in others 750 and more. In the northeast and northwest the shores are flat and swampy. The mountains of Safed approach the lake in the north. In the west we have the hills of El-Hamma and Hattin. The volcanic plateau of Jaulan commences in the east. It is distinguished for many dead craters. Its greatest height is called Eermon, and it wears an eternal snow cap. Palms that bring forth no fruiting, papyrus plants and oleander flourish in the neighborhood of the shore. The stones at the edge of the water are literally covered with turtles, some of which grow over 1 1/2 feet long. Ducks are plentiful in some parts. In others the pelican holds forth in large numbers.—Philadelphia Times.

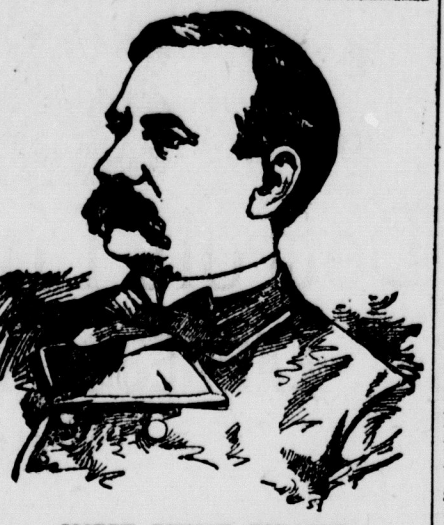
### A Polyglot Telephone.

"Yes, it's the grandest place I ever saw or heard of," said Maggie to a group of her Cherry Hill friends, telling about the country residence in which she had gone to work. "It's a regular palace, electric lights and everything. And they've got the most wonderful telephone. It looks just like a common American one, but you can speak foreign languages through it. When the master's in the city and wants to talk to the mistress so that no one can't understand, they talk French or something, and they can understand every word. And you can talk American through it, too, because I heard the mistress talking to the butcher and ordering roast beef for dinner."—New York Tribune.

## WILL BE UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO.

To Succeed Calvin B. Brice—Interesting Incidents in the Career of This Republican Politician—He Gets the Office Without a Fight.

**Foraker and Family.**  
Joseph Benson Foraker declared emphatically that he had gone out of politics for good when he was defeated for the Ohio Governorship in 1889, but he is again to the front, and will be the next United States Senator from the Buckeye State. Foraker is such a lasting fighter. It never seemed to make any difference to him, until his disastrous defeat of 1889, whether he won or lost. He went on fighting just as enthusiastically in the latter as in the former instance, and it is possible that even then he would not have given up and declared himself permanently out had it not been that politics is not a profitable occupation, and he felt the necessity of making money while he was young enough to do so. He has been practicing law now for about six years, and it is understood that he has done very well.



JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.

Foraker is not yet 50. He was born in Rainsboro, O., in July, 1846. When he was 2 years old the family removed to a place about three miles from that village, and in the home thus established young Ben, as he was called when a boy, passed his early years. He must have been a lad of strong characteristics, for when he was only 7 years old one Sam Newell, a neighbor of the Foraker family, predicted that "one of these days" Ben would be Governor of the State of Ohio. In 1885 this prediction came true. Two years later he was re-elected to the gubernatorial chair. In 1889 he was renominated against his own better judgment and defeated. As he ran unsuccessfully for the office in 1883, two years before his first election, his candidacy in 1889 was the fourth. But the governorship was not the first responsible place filled by Mr. Foraker. He was admitted to the bar in 1869, when 23 years of age.



MISS JULIA B. FORAKER, AGED 16. MISS LOUISE FORAKER, AGED 19. MISS FLORENCE FORAKER, AGED 21.

and speedily built up a booming practice. In 1879 he was elected judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati and remained upon the bench until 1882, when he resigned because of ill health. It is not of record that he made enemies while a judge, but every one who reads the political news of the day knows that he made lots of them while Governor. He has a frank, outspoken way of saying things that displeases many people, and he is such a strong partisan as often to go farther in his remarks concerning those of the other



MRS. FORAKER.

side than is at all agreeable. He was 15 years old when the civil war broke out. His elder brother enlisted in the Northern army, and Ben wanted to go with him dreadfully, but was not allowed to. The next year, however, he joined Company A of the Eighty-ninth Infantry, Ohio volunteers. A year later, and when he was only 17 years old, he was temporarily put in command of his company. During all the time of his service, which extended to the close of hostilities, he served with much credit. When mustered out at the end

of the war, at Fort Denison, he was not 19 years of age.

Mr. Foraker in 1870 married Miss Julia Bundy, daughter of Heskiah S. Bundy, now Congressman. And when Foraker goes to Washington he will take with him his wife, one of the most charming women who have graced the capital city in many years, and three most beautiful daughters. The latter are aged respectively 21, 19 and 16 years. Mrs. Foraker is an exceptionally intelligent woman and is very well informed. Being deeply interested in politics and well versed as to what is going on in the political world, she has been of very great assistance to her husband. Notwithstanding the interest she takes in things of a public nature, Mrs. Foraker is essentially a home woman and believes that a wife's and mother's greatest field of labor is in the bosom of her family. Mrs. Foraker has a gift for architecture and planned throughout their beautiful home on Cross Lane street, Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati. The house is always a center of attraction, for young people particularly, and there are always good music and good cheer. They are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Mrs. Foraker is active in church work.

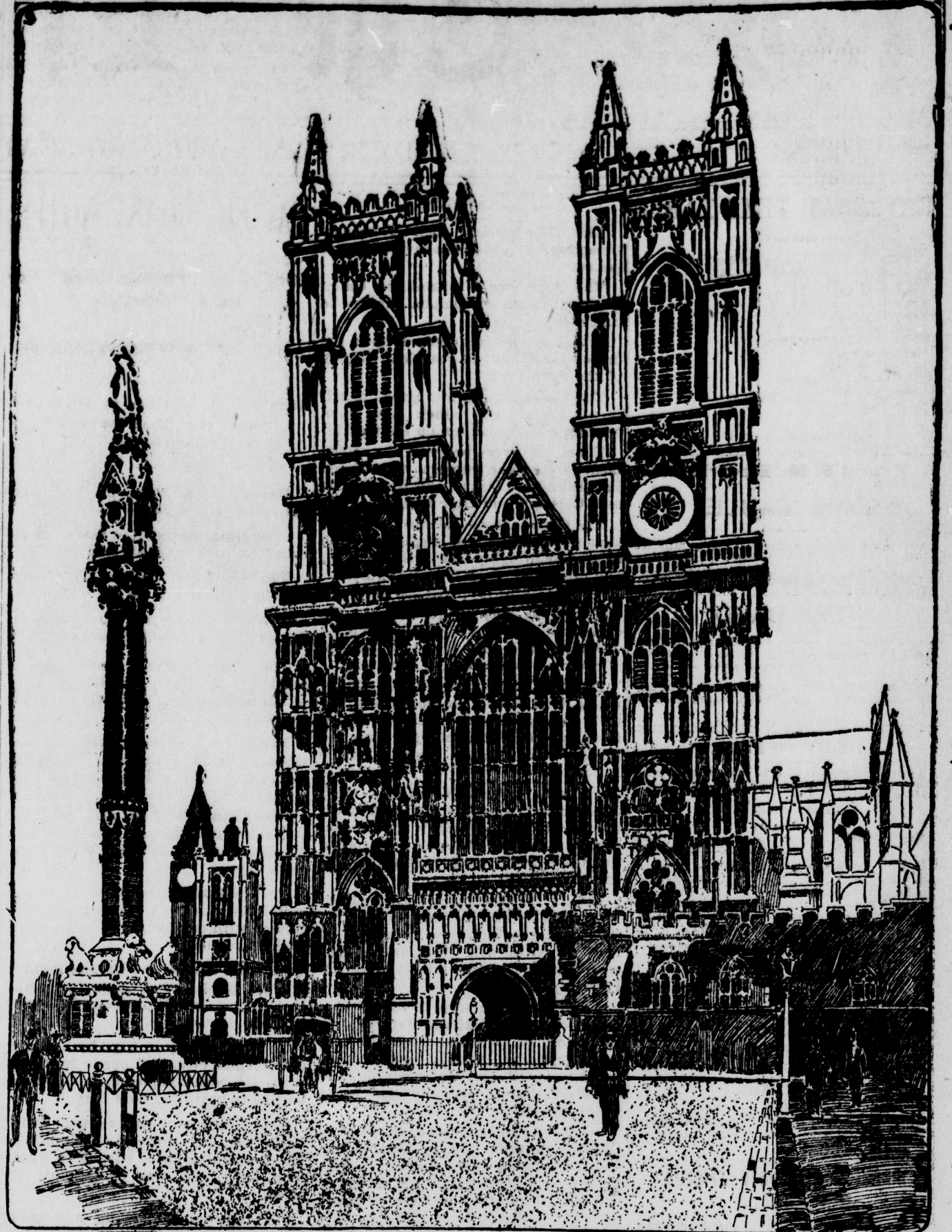
**Ill-Mannered American Tourists.**  
In a recent number of a Mexican paper this story is told: A wealthy Mexican gentleman and his wife were living upon their hacienda, a vast plantation. Both were highly educated and living in luxury; both spoke English, French and Spanish, and had traveled extensively. From the adjacent city it was telephoned that a number of American tourists desired to come out and see the sugar mills at work. The Mexican planter had his own horsecar line; he telephoned back a hospitable invitation, and sent out special cars to bring the tourists. Thirty of them presently arrived, well-dressed, and apparently well-to-do. Without waiting to be asked, they at once entered the residence, ransacked the house, looked at the bric-a-brac, went into the kitchen, lifted the lids off the pots and pans, and indulged in such remarks as "How can these people eat such filthy messes?" They even went so far as to enter the library, where the mistress of the house was writing, and one woman remarked, "How black she is; but she has fine hair, hasn't she?" and the whole party immediately felt of her hair.

The unfortunate Mexican lady was so astonished and terrified at the time that she submitted without remonstrance to this unparalleled indignity, and did not recover from her amazement in time to be angry until the party had gone.

### Unwilling Brides.

If there is a person on earth entitled to sincere commiseration, it is an unwilling bride—a girl who has given her hand, without her heart, in marriage; and more especially is she to be pitied if her heart, unhappily, has been prepossessed by another. Can any prospect be more dreary than that which lies before such a bride? What has she to look forward to, what to expect?

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY—AN HISTORIC FILE OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.



**WESTMINSTER ABBEY**, that unique and historic pile of church architecture, which has challenged the admiration and excited the wonder of scholars, ecclesiastic and secular, for centuries, was built by Selbert, in the form of a chapel, in the seventh century. It was erected in honor of St. Peter on a slightly elevated spot rising from the marshy ground bordering the Thames. A church of greater proportions was erected on the spot by King Edward about the year 980. That structure being partly demolished by the Danes Edward the Confessor founded within the precincts of his palace an abbey and church in the Norman style, which was completed in 1065, and of which there now only remains the pyx

house to the south of the abbey, the sub-structure of the dormitory and the south side of the cloisters. The rebuilding of the church was commenced by Henry III. in 1220. At that time were erected the choir and transepts and a lady chapel, which was subsequently removed to make way for the chapel of Henry VII. The building was practically completed by Edward I., but the greater part of the nave in the transition style and various other improvements were added, down to the time of Henry VII., including the west end of the nave, the deanery, portions of the cloisters and the Jerusalem chambers. The two towers at the west end were erected by Wren. The length of the church, including Henry VII.'s chapel, is 511 feet, and the extreme

breadth 203 feet. The height of the nave is 102 feet and of the towers 225 feet. On approaching Victoria street from Parliament street the buttresses and pinnacles and the whole expanse of the abbey gradually open to view. The British sovereigns from Edward the Confessor, whose coronation occurred in 1042, to Victoria, 1838, have been crowned in Westminster Abbey, and many of them are buried there, some with and others without monuments. In the south transept, in and near Poet's Corner, are monuments to most of the great poets of the country, and here, as well as in both aisles of the nave and choir, are monuments to other illustrious Englishmen. The interior of the cathedral is as magnificent as the outside is imposing.

### NATURE'S WORK OF ART.

The Face of Washington Carved in Living Rock.

Carved by nature in the rough stone of Marblehead Neck, the calm face of George Washington gazes out over the waste of waters. In this quiet, secluded corner of Massachusetts this remarkable monument remained for ages



WASHINGTON PROFILE AT MARBLEHEAD.

undiscovered until Albert Chapman, of Marblehead, cropped the bushes and weeds which grew about its base in rank luxuriance, disclosing the stone features which bear a most striking resemblance to the Father of his Country. Some call it the "Old Man of the Sea," but the majority of Marblehead citizens trace in its lines and curves a counterfeit of the loved face of the first president.

The face is formed by three rocks, one forming the forehead, one the chin and the other the nose. The face rests upon a slightly elevated knoll, at an angle, as if the great general in effigy were taking his repose and languidly gazing out to sea. The George Washington stone will henceforth be one of the many objects of patriotic pilgrimage on the coast of the Bay State.—New York Press.

### Let It Alone.

There is a story told of a very eminent lawyer, now no longer with us, who once, while endeavoring to dissuade a friend of mine from going to law, was asked what he would himself consider a sufficient ground for resorting to litigation.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "I do not say that under no conceivable circumstances would I take proceedings against anyone, but I do say that if at this moment you deliberately upset my ink on the tablecloth, chucked my wife out of the window, threw that volume of reports at the bust of Blackstone, 'made hay' with my furniture, and finally tweaked my nose, I should no doubt use my best endeavors to kick you down stairs; but, once rid of you,

either by force or persuasion, no power on earth should induce me to bring an action against you."

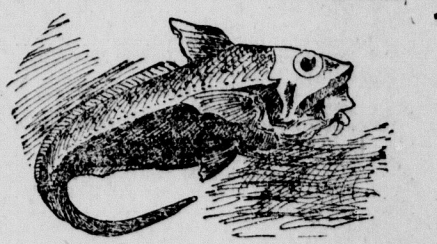
### A STRANGE FISH.

Caught by the Crew of the Albatross at a Depth of Two Miles.

United States Fish Commissioner N. B. Miller, in charge of the ship Albatross, says in regard to the strange fish captured on the last cruise:

"The queer fish that we got, the like of which has never been seen before, was twenty-six inches long and weighed between eight and nine pounds. It was taken at a point about 100 miles southwest of the Prybilof Islands, at a depth of 1,700 fathoms. It resembled the fish known as the macrurus, but still was essentially different from anything before discovered. Its head was peculiarly flat in appearance; its eyes very large, and its tail dwindling to a point and being curled in action something like that of a snake.

"It was physically constructed so that it could only live at this great depth in the ocean, where the weight of the water was so great that it would kill all other animal life. When the fish was drawn up its stomach was crushed up



THE PISCATORIAL WONDER.

out of its mouth, and its eyes were puffed out. It could not live in the upper waters. In its native depths the darkness was so dense that no other fish could see anything. It was also as cold as in the Arctic regions.

## A TURKISH LADY OF RANK—THE ORIGINAL BLOOMER GIRL.



—From the Monthly Illustrator.



Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### THE AUTUMN OF HOPE.

Where are the flowers gone? Dead and bare,  
They are only the ghosts of their former  
lives.  
Not so, for the roots and seeds are there,  
Kept safe and sure till the spring arrives.  
Where are the birds gone? Not to die,  
But south to a warmer, sunnier clime,  
Where they soar and sing in a tropical sky  
Till they follow back our next springtime.  
Where are our hopes gone? Blasted and dead,  
Have we wept over their graves as the false  
and the vain?  
Then learn from nature this truth instead—  
Like the birds and flowers, they shall live  
again.  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### THE FRESHMAN.

The sophomore stood at the window be-  
side the big door at the end of the hall, his  
hat tipped back from his forehead and  
his hands deep in his pockets, looking out  
at the green campus. Before the door the  
broad tree walks, marked with countless  
boot heels, stretched away like the spokes  
of a wheel from the hub, and across them  
the tall trees threw deep shadows. Behind  
him the hall ran back until it ended in an-  
other big door with another dusty paneled  
window on each side of it. Its walls were  
chipped and marked and its floor worn in-  
to uneven hollows by the passing feet of  
vanished classes. It was almost empty. A  
few homesick looking individuals sat on  
the radiators, drumming their feet against  
the iron latticework of the sides, or exam-  
ining the bulletin board, on which the no-  
tices of last year's final examinations were  
still posted. Twenty-four hours later the  
hall would be noisy with greetings and a  
very valley of the shadow of embarrassment  
freshmen, but at present its only occupants  
were a few early stragglers, who had  
reached town before the opening of the  
semester.

For a month the sophomore had been  
longing for a sight of the familiar campus,  
but now that the longing was satisfied its  
place had been taken by a distaste for ap-  
proaching work. Moreover, the only old  
acquaintance he had come across was the  
short, red faced keeper of a cigar store, and  
a conversationalist "Rosey" was a failure.  
The combination of dread and soli-  
tude had brought him to a realization of  
the fact that the dullness of a college town  
during the vacation was no chimera, but a  
stony fact, which long before his time  
had driven unfortunates to drink and pro-  
fanity.

One of the figures near the farther door  
slipped down from the seat on the radiator  
and came slowly through the hall, step-  
ping softly and seeming to fear the hollow  
echoes in which the walls shouted back the  
sound of footsteps. By this sign the sopho-  
more knew him for the freshman that he  
was. He remembered the time when the  
walls of the old building had seemed to  
cry, "Fresh! Fresh!" at him. The fresh-  
man stopped at the sophomore's elbow.

"Can you tell me where I can find out  
about the entrance examinations in mathe-  
matics?" he asked, with the usual fresh-  
man manner, which becomes familiar to  
those who see much of the species—not  
hesitatingly, nor yet diffidently, but as  
one who has the fear of being laughed at  
always before him, and with much the  
same expression on his face as comes  
when, before a group of unkind critics, he  
tries to open one of the big doors of the  
hall the wrong way.

The sophomore did not turn his head.

"Entrance Math. Exam.?" he said. "K.  
Top floor."

The freshman looked at the nearest door  
and saw a big black letter painted on it.  
"Room K?" he asked.

The sophomore did not answer him, and  
the freshman turned away. The sopho-  
more listened to his footsteps as they  
sounded down the hall and creaked on the  
worn stairs. Then he heard them return-  
ing.

"Did you say room K?" asked the fresh-  
man.

The sophomore nodded without looking  
at him.

"It's looked," said the freshman. "Are  
you sure it's the right room?"

"I don't know anything about it," said  
the sophomore calmly. "I lied."

He turned toward the freshman without  
the sign of a smile on his face, and as he  
did so his eye fell on a slender, smooth  
faced young man who occupied the win-  
dow on the other side of the door.

"There's some one who can tell you,"  
he said.

Then an ominous twitching came over  
the corners of his mouth.

"At least he looks like a freshman," he  
added carelessly.

The freshman turned to this new source  
of information.

"Can you tell me where I can find out  
about the entrance examinations in mathe-  
matics?" he asked.

"They take place at 9 o'clock tomorrow  
morning in room M," said the young  
man.

The freshman sat down on the window  
sill beside the stranger.

"Are you going up to them?" he asked.

"Yes; I'll be there," said the young  
man, with some surprise.

The sophomore at the other window  
smiled gently.

"I rather thought that we belonged to  
the same class," said the freshman.

The sophomore tipped his hat down over  
his eyes and sat down suddenly on the sill  
of the window by which he stood. From  
the corner of his eye he watched to see how  
the young man would take this remark.

The surprise on the face of the stranger  
became open amazement. Then the amaze-  
ment evaporated and its place was taken  
by a look of amusement, which wrinkled  
the skin at the corners of his eyes and  
twinkled the corners of his mouth.

"I'm glad to meet some one who has  
just come here," said the freshman. "It  
seemed as though every one but myself  
knew exactly what to do and where to  
find everything. Where are you from?"

"I live here in town," said the young  
man.

The freshman turned and looked out  
of the window. The sophomore crossed the  
hall, and behind the freshman's back  
raised his hat to the young man, who nod-  
ded and smiled amiably.

"Then I suppose you do know all about  
it," said the freshman reflectively.

"He's doing his best to learn," said the  
sophomore.

"Are the examinations hard?" asked the  
freshman.

"The examinations are hard," said the  
freshman.

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### THE FASHION PLATE.

The smart white mohair gowns of the  
summer serve admirably as demisaison  
dinner toilets.

New belts are of soft, gay plaid silk,  
knotted under a metal clasp at one side,  
and are suggestively named treader.

Framboise or raspberry red is a color  
that will be much seen in millinery,  
felt bonnets and hats being shown of  
this tint.

Wide effects continue in millinery.  
The early autumn hats look very much  
overloaded in their abundance of ostrich  
plumes, wide ribbons and elaborate or-  
naments.

All browns with a reddish tinge are  
in especial favor for the coming cool  
season, though no wardrobe will be  
complete without one good black gown  
for the street.

The pretty fichus of the summer in  
gauze mull and chiffon are to be contin-  
ued for autumn wear in heavier mate-  
rials. They are of the regulation Marie  
Antoinette cut and are trimmed with  
lace or ruffles.

The women who come back to town  
with black mohair gowns lined with  
colored silk to match the bodice worn  
with them need only a small, full cape of  
black velvet, trimmed with jet van-  
dykes, to have handsome early autumn  
toilets.

Although the skirts of gowns remain  
plain for the most part, and the godet  
skirt is still the fashionable one, frills  
are seen on some of the imported gowns.  
The road back to trimmed skirts un-  
doubtedly lies by way of flounces.

### The First Tooth.

Young mothers, watching eagerly for  
the "first tooth," should remember the  
average baby does not cut any teeth until  
the end of the sixth or seventh month.  
The teeth which usually make their ap-  
pearance first are the two in the center of  
the lower jaw. The corresponding ones in  
the upper jaw follow two or three weeks  
later. Baby is a year old, as a rule, before  
the first double tooth appear and reaches  
the ripe age of 18 to 20 months before the  
difficult eyetooth come. As soon as all  
of a child's teeth have appeared they  
should be brushed daily with a small soft  
brush.

### Polish For Shells.

Shells frequently lose a good deal of  
their natural polished appearance when  
they are kept in the house as ornaments,  
for of course they are not exposed to the  
air and get dry in a way that cannot hap-  
pen when they are lying on the seashore.  
To remedy this, and to give them a more  
lustrous appearance, they should be brush-  
ed over with the white of an egg, or with  
water in which a little gum arabic has  
been dissolved. When dry they may be  
polished with a leather.

### He Explained.

"You don't come to church very often  
now," said Rev. Dr. Thirly in a tone  
of reproach to Mr. Bloomfield.  
"No, doctor. The fact is, your ser-  
mons are too short."  
"That's an odd complaint. I never  
heard it before."  
"Well, you see, I hardly get to sleep  
comfortably before I am awakened by  
the singing of the next hymn."—Pitts-  
burg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Harriet Hosmer.

Harriet Hosmer was born in Watertown,  
Mass., in 1830. Her mother and sister died  
of consumption, and this led to an outdoor  
life, in which she soon showed her genius  
by modeling horses, dogs and other forms  
in clay. In 1851 she executed her first im-  
portant work, an ideal head of Hesper.  
Her work has brought her riches as well  
as fame. Besides a talent for sculpture  
she has shown herself a gifted writer. Per-  
haps her most important recent work is  
the statue of Queen Isabella prepared for  
the Columbian exposition.

### INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by careful investments by mail through a re-  
sponsible firm of large experience and great  
success. Will send you particulars free show-  
ing how a small amount of money can be  
easily multiplied by successful investments  
in grain. Highest Bank references. Op-  
portunities excellent. Patton & Co., Bankers  
and Brokers, Room F., Omaha Building, Chi-  
cago.

A reporter must know the ropes in order to  
get in many lines.

FREE—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great  
Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Mar-  
velous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle free to  
Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.  
Try Germet for Breakfast.

I suffered terribly from  
roaring in my head dur-  
ing an attack of catarrh,  
and became very deaf,  
used Ely's Cream Balm,  
and in three weeks could  
hear as well as ever.  
A. E. Newman, Grat-  
ing, Mich.

### CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm Opens and cleanses the  
Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation,  
Heals the Sore, Protects the Membrane from Colds,  
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm  
is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is  
agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail  
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

"Improvement of the Order of the Age."

THREE NEW MODEL

Smith PREMIER TYPEWRITERS

Nos. 2, 3 & 4. Great Progress in Mechanical Art.

Many improve-  
ments heretofore  
overlooked by  
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facturers.

Durability  
the First  
Consideration.

Write for new No. 2 Catalogue to LEO. E. AL-  
ANDER & BROS., 218 Sansome St., San Fran-  
cisco, Southern California Branch, 216 South  
Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Bleeding, or Protruding, if you yield at once to  
DR. SO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops itching,  
absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price  
50c. Druggists or mail. DR. SO-SAN-KO, Phila., Pa.

DR. SO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY

Best Cure for Piles. Stops itching, absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. SO-SAN-KO, Phila., Pa.

CONSUMPTION

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

#### An Elixir of Life.

T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles  
Free of His Remedy to Cure Con-  
sumption and All Lung  
Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philan-  
thropic, or carry more joy in its wake than  
the offer of T. A. Slocum, No. 183  
Pearl Street, New York. Perfectly confi-  
dent that he has an absolute remedy for the  
cure of consumption and all pulmonary  
complaints, he offers through this paper to  
send two bottles free to any reader who is  
suffering from lung trouble or consump-  
tion, also loss of flesh and all conditions of  
wasting. He invites those desirous of ob-  
taining this remedy to send their express  
and post-office address, and to receive in  
return the two bottles free, which will arrest  
the approach of death. Already this reme-  
dy, by its timely use, has permanently  
cured thousands of cases which were given  
up, and death was looked upon as an early  
visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and  
being so positive of its beneficial re-  
sults, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious  
duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to  
donate his infallible remedy where it will  
assault the enemy in its citadel, and, by its  
inherent potency, stay the current of disso-  
lution, bringing joy to homes over which  
the shadow of the grave has been gradually  
growing more strongly defined, causing  
fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the  
remedy—offered freely—apart from its in-  
herent strength, is enough to commend it,  
and more so is the perfect confidence of the  
great chemist making the offer, who holds  
out life to those already becoming emaciated,  
and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the  
consideration of the afflicted, who, for  
years, have been taking nauseous nostrums  
without effect, who have ostracized them-  
selves from home and friends to live in  
more salubrious climes, where the atmos-  
phere is more congenial to weakened lungs,  
and who have fought against death with all  
the weapons and strength in their hands.  
There is no mistake in sending for these  
free bottles—the mistake will be in  
passing the invitation by.

During the past fall there have been  
killed on the Fraser range near Pyra-  
mid Lake, in Nevada, 400 head of  
horses. Their hides, tails, and manes  
are disposed of at the rate of \$3 per  
animal, and the carcass is left to de-  
cay.

The rain storm in the mountains  
was a fine thing for the mines. Many  
of them had been shut down because of  
a scarcity of water. In the vicinity of  
Angels and at Sonora several mines  
started up at once and business im-  
mediately began to revive.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the  
senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO.,  
doing business in the City of Toledo, County and  
State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the  
sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and  
every bottle of CATARRH CURE that can be cured by  
the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my pres-  
ence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts  
directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of  
the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is the postmaster who writes a voluminous  
letter who weighs his words.

FIRE! FIRE! THAT DREADFUL CRY

Is fraught with import doubly dire to the un-  
happy man who beholds his dwelling or his  
warehouse feeding the devouring element un-  
dermined. Happily many people who can, have  
everything but health. Nine-tenths of us neglect  
the preservation of this when it is in pal-  
pable jeopardy. Incipient indigestion, liver  
complaint, grippe, inaction of the kidneys  
and bladder and malaria are all counteracted  
by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

A sugar cured "ham"—poor actor made well  
by homeopathic pills.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1  
Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS,  
Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

The yeast cake and the negroes' favorite  
weapon are both raisers.

PAINTLESS DENTISTRY.

"COLTON GAS," which has an established  
and unrivaled world-wide reputation for its  
purity and efficacy in the positively painless ex-  
traction of teeth, still maintains its superiority as  
the special anesthetic of the dental profession.  
The safest of all anesthetics; over 4000 refer-  
ences endorsed by all reputable physicians and  
dentists. We also perform all operations in den-  
tistry with latest appliances, increasing the  
comfort and health of our patients. Office—Rooms 6-8-10  
Pine Building, 306 Market St., San Francisco.  
Colton Dental Association.

A "low descending sun"—one that treats his  
father disrespectfully.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

One box has cured the worst cases of ten years'  
standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after  
using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs  
tumors, relieves itching, acts as a powerful  
gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment  
is prepared only for piles and itching of the  
private parts, and nothing else. Every box is  
guaranteed.  
Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt  
of price, \$1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Whole  
sale Agents, San Francisco.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is Pure and unsweetened

and can be retained by

the weakest stomach.

A safe, easily digested

FOOD FOR DYSPEPTICS!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!

John Carle & Sons, New York.

DR. GUNN'S

LIVER

PILLS

A Mild Pile. One Pill for a Dose.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for  
health. These pills supply what the system lacks to  
make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the  
eyes, and clear the complexion better than cosmetics.  
They neither grip nor sicken. To convince you, we  
will mail sample free, or full box for 50c. Sold every-  
where. DR. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING

FOR CHILDREN'S TEETHING.

For sale by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle.

THE BEST IN AMERICA

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"CASTLEWOOD" KENTUCKY BOURBON

CARTON, McCARTHY & Co.

SOLE AGENTS, AND DISTRIBUTORS

SAN FRANCISCO

### FORECASTERS.

Some people are so influenced by the elec-  
tric currents of the atmosphere that they  
can foretell the coming of a thunderstorm  
with perfect accuracy, and others there are  
with nerves so sensitive that they are sure of  
having neuralgia from a low and fretful  
state of the nervous system. Now why  
can't the latter be warned in time and know  
that an ounce of prevention is worth a  
pound of cure. To use St. Jacob's Oil  
promptly will ward off an attack, or if at-  
tacked, will promptly cure. Such people  
can do for themselves what others do from  
weathers prophecies, heed the signals and  
save the wreck and disaster.

Actors, draughtsmen, dentists and mustard  
plasters ought to draw well.

F. M. Peter, leading costumer, theatrical mas-  
querade costumes, wigs and play-books. Country  
masquerade balls a specialty. 729 Market St., S. F.



### KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and  
tends to personal enjoyment when  
rightly used. The many, who live bet-  
ter than others and enjoy life more, with  
less expenditure, by more promptly  
adapting the world's best products to  
the needs of physical being, will attest  
the value to health of the pure liquid  
laxative principles embraced in the  
remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting  
in the form most acceptable and pleas-  
ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly  
beneficial properties of a perfect laxa-  
tive; effectually cleansing the system,  
dispelling colds, headaches and fevers  
and permanently curing constipation.  
It has given satisfaction to millions and  
met with the approval of the medical  
profession, because it acts on the Kid-  
neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-  
ening them and it is perfectly free from  
every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-  
gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-  
ufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.  
only, whose name is printed on every  
package, also the name, Syrup of Figs,  
and being well informed, you will  
accept any substitute if offered.

## Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away!

makes  
the nerves  
strong, and  
brings back  
the feelings of  
youth to the pre-  
maturely old man.  
It restores lost vigor.  
You may gain  
ten  
pounds in ten days.

### GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

Go buy and try a box to-day. It  
costs only \$1. Your own druggist  
will guarantee a cure or money re-  
funded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure  
and sample free. Address nearest office.

CHICAGO. THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,  
MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK.

CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable smooth and  
easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

## Alcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imi-  
tations is as good as the genuine.

## PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale.  
Ladies, not Druggists for Chester's English Pennyroyal Brand in Red and Gold metal-  
lic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take as other kind. Remove Substitutions and Imitations.  
All pills in cardboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us  
4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail.  
10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.  
CHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 8519 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY  
**SAPOLIO**  
'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

## "New No. 4 Yost."

Have you seen it? For beautiful work has  
no rival. Permanent alignment. No ribbon  
used. Inks direct from type. The perfec-  
tion of a writing machine.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.  
For the half year ending December 31, 1895, a  
dividend has been declared at the rate of four and  
twenty-six hundredths (4 26/100) per cent per an-  
num on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-five  
hundredths (3 55/100) per cent per annum on ordi-  
nary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after  
Thursday, January 2, 1896.  
GEO. TOWNY, SECRETARY.

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION  
532 CALIFORNIA STREET, CORNER WEBB.  
For the half year ending with the 31st of Decem-  
ber, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate  
of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32/100) per cent on Term Deposits, and three and  
sixty-tenths (3 6/10) per cent on Ordinary Deposits,  
free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, the  
26th of January, 1896.  
LOVELL WHITE, CASHIER.

United Typewriter & Supplies Co.,  
413 Montgomery St., S. F.  
S. F. N. U. No. 706. New Series No. 53.



# THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as  
second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
One Year, in advance, \$2.00  
Six Months, " 1.25  
Three Months, " .65

Advertising rates furnished on applica-  
tion.

Office—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand  
and Linden Avenues,  
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

1895.

Notwithstanding the general depression prevailing in the country at large, we can review the advance made by this young city during the past year with pride and satisfaction. An important feature of the year's progress has been the location at our waterfront of the extensive terra cotta and pipe works of A. Steiger Sons, completely equipped and in successful operation with the latest and most improved machinery and appliances, representing not only a large investment of capital, but the employment already of some forty operators and skilled artisans.

The year has also added to our town a number of handsome residences and artistic cottages, besides substantial improvements in hotels and other buildings. The increase of population has been marked and the growth of trade steady. The confidence of our citizens and property owners has been increased and strengthened. There are no idlers on our streets, and the voice of the croaker is not heard within our border. In bidding farewell to 1895 we can point to the good it has brought us, and promise ourselves, as we wish all our neighbors of this good county of San Mateo, a "Very Happy New Year."

Whilst Game Warden McKenzie of Santa Clara county and the delegates from San Mateo county are planning to stock San Mateo and Santa Clara counties with song birds, what is the matter with making an effort to preserve the few song birds we now have.

Every Sunday and, in fact, every day, pot hunters from San Francisco and San Jose visit different parts of the counties and kill by the score our song birds, our meadow larks, robins, black birds, etc.; in fact, any feathered bird that commands a price in the numerous French restaurants in the cities. Last Sunday by actual count, there were thirty-seven hunters from San Francisco in the marsh and fields belonging to the Land company shooting small birds. Numerous signs forbid shooting in these localities, but unless the officers of the law act they amount to nothing. It is an outrage and a shame to see this wanton destruction of our song birds. The evil is growing to such proportions that immediate steps should be taken to suppress it. Won't the press of our county and the proper officers take hold of this matter and save our song birds?

Let every workingman of family begin the new year by beginning that best of all good works, the work of providing a home for himself and family.

Let him begin the work by setting apart on each and every pay day a certain proportion of his wages for this purpose, and when he has saved enough to pay the first installment on a lot, let him secure the ground.

Having thus dropped anchor by attaching himself to the soil, he will soon find himself in a safe harbor.

Fixed habits of industry and economy will imperceptibly grow upon him. In a short time he will own the title to his land in fee simple, and with his deed as a basis of credit, can command the means to rear the domicile and intruch himself in the castle of home, the poor man's strong fortress in time of need.

## PUT STOCK IN THE HERD.

When the first move was made towards the enforcement of the pound law, some of our citizens protested on the ground that it would prevent the poor man with one cow from pasturing, where pasture was abundant.

The easy conditions by which citizens are allowed to stake out or herd their stock removes this ground of objection.

As a matter of fact, it is better for the owner to have stock in charge of a competent herder than to allow them to range at will, as there will be no danger of loss from estranging, nor loss of time in chasing and hunting up

scattered stock in the evening, or when needed, in care of a herder.

This town of ours is, and will always be, an industrial town, a town supported and maintained by the army of sturdy workingmen who find employment in its busy factories and shops.

Its permanent progress and prosperity does not depend especially upon the great millionaire capitalists who founded it, but will be measured by the average prosperity of all its inhabitants.

We urge workingmen to acquire and own their own homes, not alone for the reason that the acquisition of a home is of itself a boon and blessing to him, but for the further reason that the ownership of homes by its people will be a guarantee of the prosperity of our town.

We regret to have to call attention to the fact that some of our citizens still continue to turn their stock loose at night. Under the easy and liberal conditions made by our poundmaster, whereby stock may be staked out or herded, there is no sort of reasonable excuse for this practice.

A large majority of our townspeople are engaged in planting trees and otherwise improving and beautifying their homes, and should be not only encouraged therein, but protected in their rights against these marauding and trespassing animals, which may in one night, perchance, destroy the result of months of care and labor.

We still await the advent of the church steeple in this Christian town, and we still have faith in the willingness of our good citizens to aid any Christian organization in building a house of worship. The unanimity and promptitude exhibited by our people in providing a \$10,000 school house, in the first year of our existence as a town, is sufficient guarantee that they will be found ready and willing to aid in church building when called upon.

The English newspapers are very interesting reading just now. They voice a sentiment scarcely in keeping with the parental character Great Britain bears towards her American offspring.

Several candidates for Supervisor of the First Township are already in the field examining the soil with reference to a fall crop.

## HE INSURES THE HONOR.

There's a Man in the Cafeteria Who Keeps Customers Honest.

Once in awhile a man who lunches at a cafeteria is embarrassed by the inquiry from the cashier:

"What did you have?"

He has laid down a 15 cent check perhaps, when he should have taken his little cardboard from the 20 cent pigeonhole.

As soon as he enumerates the items on his bill of fare he sees his mistake, gets rather red in the face, pays what he owes and walks out. In many cases a man who has had an experience of this sort doesn't come back again. He imagines possibly that the lady at the desk will think of the inaccuracy in his accounts whenever he presents himself and either patronizes some other lunchhouse run on the "help yourself" plan or else goes to a restaurant where the responsibilities for all discrepancies must fall on the waiter.

It might be supposed that, rather than lose a good customer, the manager of a cafeteria would let an occasional mistake of a nickel go unnoticed, because in most cases the mistake is genuine. He doesn't take that view of it, however. In order to give the best service for the money, to always have well cooked eatables set out on attractive dishes without nicks in them and keep an array of pies on the sideboard that are not shelf worn, he must watch customers very closely. A nickel means a quarter of a pie or a plate of rolls gone without any return. Then there is the moral effect on all patrons of the establishment of publicly pointing to an occasional error in this way. The average Chicago man, absorbed in the business which he brings in with him from the street, is not unlikely to overlook his second cup of coffee or his special excursion to the sideboard, but after having had the disconcerting results of such absentmindedness brought to his attention he is apt to audit his accounts with more care.

It might seem decidedly difficult at first blush for one man in a cafeteria of ordinary dimensions to keep a mental record of the exact volume of food consumed by each of his patrons, but he soon acquires the faculty by practice. It is a little different development of the hotel clerk's skill in seeing that there are no unregistered guests at table. The floorwalker at the cafeteria, in an apparently casual circuit of the room, gets a mental photograph of the dishes before each man, and so associates this picture with the man that, when the latter comes up to pay, he can tell instantly whether his check is correct or not. If it is not, he nods to the cashier, and she asks for an accounting.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Vinegar Cider.

The cider used for vinegar comes almost entirely from Michigan, Ohio and New York, enough being secured every fall to last a whole year. The barrels are corded up in endless rows—a whole, great room filled full, with only little alleyways piercing it—and allowed to stand until the cider is quite hard enough to make an old cider drinker dizzy headed. When at last it has sufficiently fermented, it is run over the shavings in the generator and becomes a light brown cider vinegar. It is now run into old whisky barrels and allowed to stand as long as possible. The whisky barrels assist greatly in the ripening process, which so much improves vinegar. Only a few firms in the country have this method of making their product more palatable.

Tacoma's anti-Chinese agitation still promises serious trouble. The Chamber of Commerce, to which Mr. Riggs, the employer of Chinese servants, referred the issue, will decide that he has a right to employ the Mongolians, and the anti-Chinese committee is about to take action.

## MONTGOMERY BAGGS Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.  
OFFICE:  
132 California St., San Francisco.

## ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations  
The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden  
in connection with the  
Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, : Proprietor.

## BADEN HOTEL

Board by the day or week at  
reasonable rates.

Table Board a Specialty.

P. J. LYND,  
PROPRIETOR.

## THE . COURT.

CHOICEST

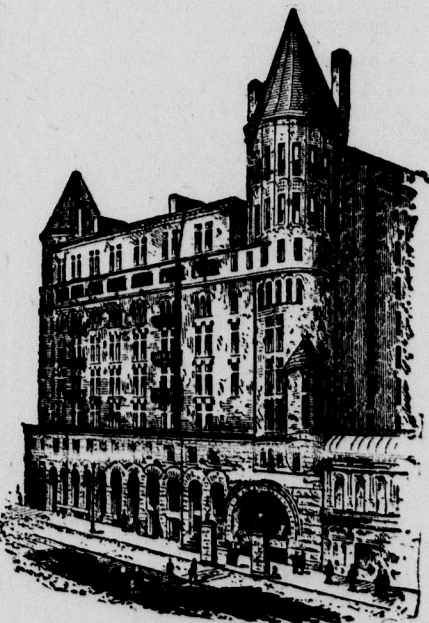
Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

## THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



## THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class

European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'NOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00  
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

... REAL ESTATE ...

—AND—

INSURANCE

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FOR THE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

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HAMBURG-BREMEN AND

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

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House Broker.

... NOTARY PUBLIC ...

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner . Grand . and . Linden . Avenues,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## LOCAL NOTES.

A "Happy New Year" to all our readers.

Join the Spruce avenue tree planting brigade.

Christmas was a perfect day and perfectly enjoyed.

Ranch-keeper Wells spent Christmas day in Oakland.

Many of our people celebrated Christmas in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Howe spent Christmas day in the city.

Tim Jorgensen was out on Christmas day with his neat turnout.

Mr. S. L. Akins left on one of his regular trips last Wednesday.

Frank Miner returns from his Christmas vacation next Monday.

Remember the turkey raffle at Kneese's on next Monday evening.

The house occupied by A. McLennan on Grand, has been freshly painted.

Louis Holscher has rented one of his houses to a newly arrived family.

W. J. Martin and family attended a theater party in the city Christmas day.

Mr. James Kerr, overseer at the Spring Valley Lakes, was in town last Tuesday.

The Modern Laundry does excellent work. Its wagon will call at your door for orders.

Grand turkey raffle at Kneese's, Monday evening next, December 30th.

Henry Michenfelder's bowling alley has been a popular resort during the holidays.

J. Eikerenkotter is doing a big holiday trade. He keeps a large stock and sells cheap.

The tree planting brigade will name an early day for planting trees on Spruce avenue.

George Kneese's delivery wagon has been rushed delivering goods during holiday season.

Frank Sanchez's meat market, in the Foley building, on Miller avenue, is the place for choice meats.

Work on the new smoke houses of the Western Meat Co., at the city market, is progressing rapidly.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

Remember it will cost you less in the long run to trade at home than it does to trade in the city.

H. L. Kofoed has planted a row of very fine and thrifty looking trees along his lot line the past week.

The turkey shooting match, at San Bruno, on the 22d, drew a good crowd and was a success in every respect.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Vanderbos came down to see old friends and enjoy merry Christmas on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Tilton ate Christmas turkey in the city with Mr. and Mrs. Daily, parents of Mrs. Tilton.

The Chinaman who tried to palm off some "old skates" of cattle at the abattoir found that his little game would not work.

The dance given by the Hop de Mook coterie, on Saturday evening, was well attended, and proved a pleasant and enjoyable affair.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

The ladies of Grace Mission have been very busy during the last week dressing dolls for the Sunday-school Christmas tree.

M. F. Healy has joined the tree-planting brigade and adorned his premises on Linden avenue with a fine row of beautiful trees.

Curt Riley has gone home to Berkeley, across the bay, to spend the holidays. The boys all wish Curt a "Happy New Year."

W. A. Grannell and son are kept very busy nowadays repairing boots and shoes. They are good artisans and hold their customers.

Mrs. Rachel McCrimmin, of Oakland, who has been a guest at the Baden Hotel the past month, left for home on Friday.

C. A. Thurstie, who has been absent about one year, returned on Saturday last and will go to work again for the Western Meat Company.

The interior of Tom Benner's place, "The Court," has been materially improved by a coat of fresh varnish applied by Artist J. L. Wood.

Billy Neff is one of the main stays in the matter of maintaining a town herder for cows. His head is level on this, as on most questions.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

The reading-room and night school propositions have not materialized as yet. We may have better luck after the holidays are over.

A brother of Laurence Maney has been lying sick and at the point of death for some days, at St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco.

C. H. Farnum has returned with his wife after an absence of some months, and will re-enter the employment of the Western Meat Company.

Engineer L. Greenbaum, who has been quite ill for the past week at his home in the city, we are glad to learn is very much better.

Poundmaster James Howe made a night raid on stock last Thursday. Mr. Howe says he will make a raid every night if necessary.

Costadina Silva has leased from the San Francisco Land and Improvement Company several hundred acres of land on the old Mission Road.

Father Cooper celebrated mass on Christmas morning, at 6 o'clock, at Court Room Hall, on Cypress avenue. The altar was tastefully decorated and

the room well filled by a devout and attentive audience.

Ed Daniel has opened a meat market in Colma. He will also continue to run his market on Grand avenue. Ed's meats are always of the best quality.

Mr. John Schirck kindly furnished the Christmas tree, which will be filled with good things for the little ones tonight, at Grace Mission Sunday-school.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sneath, together with Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Sneath, spent Christmas day in the city the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham.

The elegant home of Mr. George R. Sneath has been entirely remodeled and refurnished, and Mr. and Mrs. Sneath are now at home to their friends.

No hotel in Baden is more popular or more heavily patronized than the Linden. Proprietor James F. Horn deserves the success he is making in our town.

Peter Dann, who has been employed the past three months at the new Ingleside race track, came home and spent his Christmas holiday with his family.

The law requiring a license to peddle should be strictly enforced. The peddler is a pest on general principles. He takes money out of, and seldom leaves a nickel in the town.

M. F. Healy reports business in his line lively. He has from necessity increased his team from two to four horses, and is kept busy filling orders for coal, wood, hay and grain.

Turkey Raffle—Kneese—Monday evening.

Misses Barnum and Kneese, the diligent collectors for the Grace Mission Sunday-school Christmas tree, were entirely successful in their quest. The tree itself will tell the story tonight in the church hall.

Tramps are comparatively a scarce article in South San Francisco, thanks to our efficient deputy constable, Fred Diserello. Fred is a thorough investigator and makes every suspicious looking stranger show his hand.

On Saturday last the engine used by Contractor Broderick at the side track in hauling loam to Golden Gate Park, ran off the track and was ditched. The ditched engine was at once replaced by another.

Mrs. Alice Neff received from her husband, W. T. Neff, on Christmas day, a handsome remembrance in the form of an elegant set of diamonds, consisting of a pair of earrings, with three stones each, a lace pin with six stones, a solitaire finger ring and a beautiful brooch, containing a large opal and six diamonds.

Foreclosure proceedings for \$10,000, have been commenced by C. Silva against Descalco brothers on the piece of land known as Baden townsite. This land comprises about sixty-eight acres of land lying just south of Baden station and east of the Mission Road. The land is quite valuable and was originally purchased some four years ago by Mr. Descalco for \$25,000.

Little "Arto" Driese is having quite a serious time. Nearly six weeks ago he stepped on a rusty nail inflicting a bad wound on the sole of his left foot. The injured member became very much inflamed and resulted in an abscess on the top of the foot, making a wound extending entirely through from the sole. Little Arto has been confined in bed over five weeks.

Ten cents may get you a fine New Year's turkey next Monday evening at Kneese's.

The Grand Jury last week summoned the officers of the San Mateo Electric Railroad to appear before them to explain why they had imposed a fare on the public from Holy Cross Cemetery to Baden and also to explain why they were not operating their cars regularly to Baden according to the terms of their franchise. The Grand Jury met again in January when this whole matter will be thoroughly investigated.

A New Year's Eve party will be given at the Baden Hotel. That it will prove a most pleasant and enjoyable affair, goes without saying, as all who are familiar with the management at the Baden, know. There will be a joyous and happy throng there to speed the old and welcome the new year. It cannot be otherwise "Where youth and beauty meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Mr. Thomas Benner, of "The Court," is local agent of the Azule Mineral Spring Water, an excellent and genuine California mineral water, from the Azule Mineral Springs, situated in the Santa Cruz Mountains, about twelve miles from San Jose. This office received a half dozen bottles from Mr. Benner, and we can speak from a personal knowledge of the good quality of this water.

## PRESS NOTES.

### DUTY ON WOOL DEMANDED.

At a meeting of the National Wool Growers' Association, held in Washington, congress was memorialized for a wool tariff higher than that in the McKinley bill. It was stated that since that act in 1890 the prices of wool had declined in the markets of the world some four per cent and therefore greater protection is necessary. It also charges that through a provision of the 1890 act known as the "skirting clause" the manufacturers so far succeeded in defeating the intent of the act as practically to lower the duty of 11 cents to 6 cents on Ohio washed, and the duty of 33 cents on scoured Merino to 13½ cents. It is also set forth that 26,000,000 pounds

of China wool, competing with fine and medium wool, was imported last year at a price little over 5 cents per pound. The memorial asks for a duty on Merino wools and wools of the mutton breeds of 12 cents per pound on unwashed, double on washed and triple on scoured, thus making but one class of these two kinds of wool. It also asks for a duty of 8 cents per pound on third class wools, without reference to valuation.—Southwestern Stockman Farmer and Feeder, Phoenix, Arizona.

### IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Monday morning, Pablo Gonzales, who robbed Russell Rand of San Mateo, was sentenced by Judge Buck to serve seven years at Folsom.

Alfred Kinnell, who committed the crime of stealing an overcoat from the depot was sent to San Quentin for a term of ten years.

Victor Wilson appeared with his attorney in court Thursday morning and pleaded guilty. The judge took the case under advisement for two weeks to give the District Attorney an opportunity to look up the accused's career.

Thursday was the day set for M. Barsanti, who is charged with an assault on a fellow-countryman near Colma last August to plead. He did not appear and the Court ordered the clerk to notify his bondsmen to produce said Barsanti Thursday, December 26th.

Owing to the illness of A. J. Thatcher the case of Charles Meyer, the vitriol thrower, went over until today.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

### IT SHOULD PASS.

Congressman Grout, of Vermont, has introduced a bill in the House providing for the election of all fourth-class Postmasters by a majority vote of those who receive mail matter at such an office, and the Postmaster General shall appoint only those who are so elected. This is a good bill and should pass. Many a man has been appointed a Postmaster who could never get the endorsement of his fellow citizens at the polls. Mr. Grout might go a little further into the postal business and provide that all mail contracts, aside from railroad and steamship contracts, shall be let to contractors who live in the State and in the district wherein the mail is to be carried. As the law now stands contracts are let to professional contractors living in States far distant from where the mails are to be carried and of which they know nothing in regard to the routes, and they take them at figures that will not insure proper service.—Bridgeport Chronicle Union.

"Are you annoyed with rats or mice? Then if you are, here is a sure and simple plan to kill them off in one night. Place in a corner where the animals are sure to come across it some wheat or oat meal, and keep it there until you find the animals eat it; then renew the meal (the same quantity each night) for a week. They will gradually increase coming for the meal. Now for the last mess: Procure some plaster of Paris (it must be fresh, dry and good) and mix an equal quantity with the meal, and the vermin will take their last food. After a short time the plaster will give excessive pains, then great thirst, and a drink of water kills them at once. Even if a dead rat is eaten by a cat or dog it will not poison them. This is a sure and cheap shot.—Middleton Independent.

The people will sustain the Town Trustees in their contemplated action looking to the protection of our local merchants against the ruinous competition of peddlers and hawkers. The latter come into town and remain only long enough to visit each house, when they depart without leaving a dollar behind them, while our home business men pay licenses and taxes to support the municipality and are entitled to be protected against unscrupulous outsiders who have no interests here.—Redwood City Democrat.

### BEASTS AS MIND READERS.

Survival of the Lost Sixth Sense Common to Animals and Men.

"Do you think animals communicate together?" was asked of Hagenbeck, the lion tamer.

"They put their heads close together and seem to have a sort of sign language. They express such simple thoughts as 'I'm tired,' 'Get out of the way,' 'Stand back,' 'Are you well?' quite plainly to my observation among each other.

"The language of animals seems quite plain to me," continued the famous lion tamer earnestly. "Men have a considerable ability to communicate facial expression and gesture, but school themselves to repress these natural expressions of rage, fear or friendship and say by oral language what their wisdom dictates, often quite the opposite of what they feel.

"Animals, on the other hand, are too simple to make believe, and this gift, which men misuse, is their regular mode of communication. Notice how quickly a dog scents rage or sorrow in his master's face. We can't see the expression of a lion's face except of rage, but his companions can.

"I have also thought that animals have the gift of thought reading instead of power to speak. Did you ever see one animal fall to understand another? I never saw such an instance. The range of their thoughts is limited. I do not think they can read men's thoughts except very imperfectly, because they are so extensive and complex beyond their comprehension. I am inclined to think that what we call mind reading is mere survival here and there of the lost sixth sense which was probably common to primitive man, and which animals possess to this day."—Kansas City Star.

### Snakes.

A snake that bolted a couple of rabbits on Christmas day, 1881, declined all food until January, 1884, though it remained in perfect health during this time. No snake can see anything distinctly at a distance equal to twice its own length, and its lidless eyes become opaque to blindness for some days preceding each casting of the skin. So says an English authority.

## A CHRISTMAS WEDDING.

Daniel-Daggett.

On Christmas day, 1895, by the Rev. George Wallace, George Edward Daniel was married to Miss Lillian Daggett.

Mr. G. E. Daniel is a native of Texas, and is of an old and highly respected Southern family. He is a bright, active, energetic business man, a young man of good habits and unblemished character, esteemed and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Miss Lillian Daggett, the bride, is a most charming young lady, active in all good work, a leader in the social life of our town, universally admired and beloved for her many graces, and the good qualities of her head and heart. She is the youngest daughter of our honored and esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. D. O. Daggett, a down-east Maine man, descended from ancestors who came over seas in the historic Mayflower, an old resident of this State, who by reason of his sterling qualities and sturdy Americanism has come to be known far and wide in this community as "Uncle Sam."

The wedding ceremony was performed at Grace Mission Chapel, on Grand avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m. in the presence of the relatives and a large assemblage of the friends of the bride and groom.

The chapel was very tastefully and artistically decorated. Miss Annie Goggin was bridesmaid, and Mr. Daniel Daily acted as best man.

The bride wore a dress of dove-colored broadcloth, trimmed with beaver, and a hat of the same color trimmed with blue pink roses.

The groom was dressed in a suit of black, with Prince Albert coat and white tie.

The bridal party entered the chapel and marched up the aisle to the music of the wedding march, the bride upon the arm of her father, Mr. D. O. Daggett, and were met at the altar by the groom. There the father gave his beloved daughter to the young groom, and in the impressive and beautiful language of the Episcopal ritual, the Rev. George Wallace joined the two young people in the bonds of holy wedlock, and the happy young couple, with countenances radiant and eyes bright with light of love, took upon themselves the solemn and sacred vows of husband and wife.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Daggett, and at 5 o'clock, amidst the hearty good wishes of friends, left for the new home Mr. Daniel has prepared for his young wife, at our neighboring town of Colma.

### English Paper Supply.

It is curious now to remember the panic which prevailed in England among paper makers as to the duty on rags and the difficulty in obtaining raw material for the manufacture of paper. Stationers indulged in the most gloomy forebodings of the future of their trade. Dr. Lindley was among the foremost to show the quantity of fiber available for the manufacture of paper in the common furze, and now nearly all our best paper is largely composed of esparto grass, while in the common kinds wood forms an important factor. Instead of the English paper trade being ruined, it has advanced by leaps and bounds.

In the manufacture of paper, as in most other branches of trade, the tendency is for the smaller makers to be absorbed in the larger ones. In Scotland there are fewer mills than there used to be, and in Ireland, although within the century there were 53 mills, at the present time there remain only eight. This great decline is mainly due to the absence of coal.—Athenaeum.

### \$45 Worth.

The grocer was telling the barber of a dispute he had had with a delinquent customer.

"I met him down here on the corner, and I says to him, 'Will you pay me them 15¢.' 'No,' says he. 'Then I hit him.'"

"Did you give him a good licking?" asked the barber.

"Did I give him a good licking? When I got through with him, I went back to the store and gave him credit on the books for \$30."—Buffalo Express.

### MARKET REPORT.

The Fresh Meat market is steady. Some change in prices during the week. Live stock, Provisions and Lard firm.

PROVISIONS—Hams, California, 12½¢; Eastern, 12½¢@13¢; A & C, 12½¢; picnic, 6½¢.

Bacon—Extra, 12½¢; Extra Light Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, boneless, 12¢; Heavy, do, 10½¢; Medium Bacon, clear, 6¢; Light Medium, do, 7¢; Light do, 6¢; Extra Light do, 11½¢; Selected Clear Light Medium Bacon, 8¢.

Beef—Extra Family, 11¢; do, hf-bbl, \$5 50; M. E. Mess, hf-bbl, \$7 00; do, hf-bbl, \$3 75; Extra Mess, hf-bbl, \$5 00; do hf-bbl, \$4 00; Smoked, 11¢.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6½¢; do, light, 7¢; do, Bellies, 9¢; Extra Clear hls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbl, \$4 50; do, kits, \$1 20.

Lard—Prices are 11¢.

Tes. ¼-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 5½¢ 6 6 6 6 6 6 Cal. pure 6½¢ 6 6 6 6 6 6 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 80; 1s, \$1 00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 80; 1s, \$1 00; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1 90; 1s, \$1 10.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are 1½¢ less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 11½¢@12½¢; 2nd quality, 10½¢@11½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 10½¢@11½¢; second quality, 9½¢@10½¢.

Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lb weight, 3¼¢@3½¢; 160-lb weight, 3½¢@3¾¢.

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2½¢@2¾¢; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2¼¢@2½¢.

Lambs—First quality, 2½¢@3¢; gross weight; second quality, 2¼¢@2½¢, gross weight.

Calves—Light, 11½¢@12¢, gross weight; Heavy, 3¼¢@3½¢, gross weight.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

Beef—First quality, 5¢@5½¢; second, 4¼¢@4½¢; third, 3¼¢@4¢; Christmas Beef, 5¢.

Veal—Large, 5½¢@6¢; 11½¢; small, 6½¢@7¢.

Mutton—4½¢@5¢; 11½¢; Christmas Sheep, 5½¢; Spring Lamb, 5½¢@6¢; Sucking Lambs, 10¢.

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215 VALENCIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Driver.

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Tuesdays and Fridays.

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All Repairing Attended to. Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

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## GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

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## Meat .: Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR CYPRESS, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

### HOW HUNTINGTON SUCCEEDED.

What He Would Do if He Were Young and Had \$100,000.

I asked Collis P. Huntington, the great railroad magnate, to what he attributed his success in life, and he replied:

"Attention to my own business."

Mr. Huntington was a forty-niner. "I arrived in Sacramento with nothing," he said, "and was glad to get a job in a general store at a very small salary. Our customers were mostly miners. There were three other clerks, who devoted most of their time to running around with the boys. I stuck to the store and gained the confidence of the proprietor. By and by I became a partner, and after that fortune came easily."

"If you had to begin life anew," I asked, "what would you do? What do you regard as the best field for a young man?"

"If I were young and had \$100,000," he replied, "I would go once to the Congo Free State and buy rubber. Over across the mountains you can buy it crude for a cent a pound. To get it down to the coast for shipment you would probably have to pay a cent or two more. The natives will carry it over on their backs for that price. It doesn't cost much to ship it to New York, where you can usually count on about \$1 a pound. It's an adventurous sort of business, but I know of nothing that will pay better. I'd be worth \$1,000,000 in ten years if I were a young man and could start with \$100,000."

"But suppose you did not have the \$100,000?" I asked.

"Then I'd start with \$10,000 and take my chances," he replied.

"But, Mr. Huntington," I said, "it is not every man that has \$10,000. What would you do if you did not have that sum?"

"A young man in this day and generation who does not possess \$10,000 had better stay at home and work at something till he gets it," was the answer. "And," he continued, "I guess the only way to get it is to save it."

Ward McAllister, the social director of the Four Hundred, endeavored to persuade Mr. Huntington to invest in certain stocks in Wall street. "Mr. McAllister," said the pioneer, "I have made it the rule of my life never to go outside of my own enterprises for investment. They offer me all the opportunities for speculation I need. I do not believe in scattering my resources. If I do not have faith in my own companies, how can I expect others to take stock in them?"

Mr. Huntington's fortune is variously estimated at from \$6,000,000 to \$20,000,000. He began with nothing.—New York Herald.

Gentian is prepared from a plant which grows extensively in the Alps, Apennines and other mountain parts of Europe, and also in some mountain districts of the United States.

Kaffaria was so called because it was inhabited by the Kaffirs, or "unbelievers."

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

G. W. HANSBROUGH

## Contractor

AND.....



# FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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One second more, and almost as noiselessly he reached the ground, then quickly turned and raised the ladder, stepped with it to the edge of the roadway and peered around the angle as though to see that no sentry was in sight, then vanished with his burden around the corner. Another second, and down the steps went Chester, three at a bound, tiptoeing in pursuit. Ten seconds brought him close to the culprit—a tall, slender shadow.

"You villain! Halt!"

Down went the ladder on the dusty road. The hand that Chester had clinched upon the broad shoulder was hurled aside. There was a sudden whirl, a lightning blow that took the captain full in the chest and staggered him back



A lightning blow took the captain full in the chest.

upon the treacherous and entangling rungs, and ere he could recover himself the noiseless stranger had fairly whizzed into space and vanished in the darkness up the road. Chester sprang in pursuit. He heard the startled challenge of the sentry and then Leary's excited "Halt, I say! Halt!" and then he shouted:

"Fire on him, Leary! Bring him down!"

Bang! went the ready rifle with sharp, sullen roar that woke the echoes across the valley. Bang! again as Leary sent a second shot after the first. Then as the captain came panting to the spot they followed up the road. No sign of the runner. Attracted by the shots, the sergeant of the guard and one or two men, lantern bearing, came running to the scene. Excitedly they searched up and down the road in mingled hope and dread of finding the body of the marauder or some clue or trace. Nothing! Whoever he was, the fleet runner had vanished and made good his escape.

"Who could it have been, sir?" asked the sergeant of the officer of the day.

"Surely none of the men ever come round this way."

"I don't know, sergeant; I don't know. Just take your lamp and see if there is anything visible down there among the rocks. He may have been hit and leaped the wall. Do you think you hit him, Leary?"

"I can't say, sir. He came by me like a flash. I had just a second's look at him, am—sure I never saw such a run!"

"Could you see his face?" asked Chester in a low tone as the other men moved away to search the rocks.

"Not his face, sir. 'Twas too dark."

"Was there—did he look like anybody you knew or had seen—anybody in the command?"

"Well, sir, not among the men—that is, there's none so tall as him and so light. Sure he must 'a' worn gum shoes. You couldn't hear the whisper of a footfall."

"But whom did he seem to resemble?"

"Well, if the captain will forgive me, sir, it's unwilling I am to say the word, but there's no one that tall as him and so light, sir, but Loo-nant Jerrold. Sure it couldn't be him, sir."

"Leary, will you promise me something on your word as a man?"

"I will, sir."

"Say not one word of this matter to any one except I tell you or you have to before a court."

"I promise, sir."

"And I believe you. Tell the sergeant I will soon be back."

With that he turned and walked down the road until once more he came to the plank crossing and the passageway between the colonel's and passengers' row. Here again he stopped short and waited with bated breath and scarcely beating heart. The faint light he had seen before again illumined the room and cast its gleam upon the old gray wall. Even as he gazed there came silently to the window a tall, white-robed form, and a slender white hand seized and lowered the shade noiselessly. Then, as before, the light faded away, but—she was awake.

Waiting one moment in silence, Captain Chester then sprang up the wooden steps and passed under the piazza which ran the length of the bachelor quarters. Half way down the row he turned sharply to his left, opened the green painted door and stood in a little dark hallway. Taking his matchbox from his pocket, he struck a light, and by its glare quickly read the card upon the first doorway to his right, "Mr. Howard F. Jerrold, 1st Infantry, U. S. A."

Opening this door, he bolted straight through the little parlor to the bedroom in the rear. A dim light was burning on the mantel. The bed was unruined, untouched, and Mr. Jerrold was not there.

Five minutes afterward Captain Chester, all alone, had laboriously and cautiously dragged the ladder from the side to the rear of the colonel's house, stretched it in the roadway where he had first stumbled upon it, then returned to the searching party on No. 5.

"Send two men to put that ladder back," he ordered. "It is where I told

you—on the road behind the colonel's."

## CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Maynard came to Sibley in May and the officers with their wives were making their welcoming call she had with motherly pride and pleasure yielded to their constant importunities and shown to one party after another an album of photographs—likenesses of her only daughter. There were little cartes de visite representing her in long dresses and baby caps; quaint little pictures of a chubby faced, chubby legged infant a few months older; charming studies of a little girl with great black eyes and delicate features; then of a tall, slender slip of a maiden, decidedly foreign looking; then of a sweet and pensive face, with great dark eyes, long, beautiful curling lashes and very heavy, low arched brows, exquisitely molded mouth and chin and most luxuriant dark hair; then others, still older, in every variety of dress, even in fancy costume, such as the girl had worn at fair or masquerade.

These and others still had Mrs. Maynard shown them, with repressed pride and pleasure, and with sweet acknowledgment of their enthusiastic praises. Alice still tarried in the east, visiting relatives whom she had not seen since her father's death three years earlier, and long before she came to join her mother at Sibley and to enter upon the life she so eagerly looked forward to—"way out in the west, you know, with officers and soldiers and the band and buffalo and Indians all around you"—there was not an officer or an officer's wife who had not delightedly examined that album. There was still another picture, but that one had been shown to only a chosen few just one week after her daughter's arrival, and rather an absurd scene had occurred, in which that most estimable officer, Lieutenant Sloat, had figured as the hero. A more simple minded, well intentioned fellow than Sloat there did not live. He was so full of kindness and good nature and readiness to do anything for anybody that it never seemed to occur to him that everybody on earth was not just as ready to be equally accommodating. He was a perpetual source of delight to the colonel and one of the most loyal and devoted of subalterns, despite the fact that his locks were long silvered with the frosts of years and that he had fought through the war of the rebellion and risen to the rank of a field officer in Maynard's old brigade. The most temperate of men ordinarily, the colonel had one anniversary he loved to celebrate, and Sloat was his standby when the 3d of July came round, just as he had been at his shoulder at that supreme moment when, heedless of the fearful sweep of shell and canister through his shattered ranks, Pickett's heroic Virginians breast the slope of Cemetery Hill and surged over the low stone wall into Cushing's guns. Hard, stubborn fighting had Maynard's men to do that day, and for serene courage and determination no man had beaten Sloat.

Both officers had bullet hole mementoes to carry from that field, both had won their brevets for conspicuous gallantry, and Sloat was a happy and grateful man when, years afterward, his old commander secured him a lieutenantancy in the regular service. He was the colonel's henchman, although he never had brains enough to win a place on the regimental staff, and when Mrs. Maynard came he overwhelmed her with cumbrous compliments and incessant calls. He was, to his confident belief, her chosen and accepted knight for full two days after her arrival. Then Jerrold came back from a brief absence, and as in duty bound went to pay his respects to his colonel's wife, and that night there had been a singular scene. Mrs. Maynard had stopped suddenly in her laughing chat with two ladies, had started from her seat, wildly staring at the tall, slender subaltern who entered the gateway, and then fell back in her chair, fairly swooning as he made his bow. Sloat had rushed into the house to call the colonel and get some water, while Jerrold stood paralyzed at so strange a reception of his first call. Mrs. Maynard revived presently, explained that it was her heart, or the heat, or something, and the ladies on their way home decided that it was possibly the heart, it was certainly not the heat, it was unquestionably something, and that something was Jerrold, for she never took her eyes off him during the entire evening and seemed unable to shake off the fascination. Next day Jerrold dined there, and from that time on he was a daily visitor. Every one noted Mrs. Maynard's strong interest in him, but no one could account for it. She was old enough to be his mother, said the garrison, but not until Alice Renwick came did another consideration appear. He was singularly like the daughter. Both were tall, lithe, slender. Both had dark, lustrous eyes; dark, though almost perfect, skin, exquisitely chiseled features and slender, shapely hands and feet. Alice was "the picture of her father," said Mrs. Maynard, and Mr. Renwick had lived all his life in New York, while Mr. Jerrold was of an old southern family and his mother a Cuban beauty who was the toast of the New Orleans clubs not many years before the war.

Poor Sloat! He did not fancy Jerrold and was as jealous as so unselfish a mortal could be of the immediate ascendancy the young fellow established in the colonel's household. It was bad enough before Alice joined them. After that it was well nigh unbearable. Then came the 3d of July dinner and the colonel's one annual jollification. No man ever heard of Sloat's being intoxicated. He rarely drank at all, but this evening the reminiscences of the day, the generous wine, the unaccustomed elegance of all his surroundings, due to Mrs. Maynard's taste and supervision, and the influence of Alice Renwick's exquisite beauty had fairly carried him away.

They were chatting in the parlor, while Miss Renwick was entertaining some young lady friends from town and listening to the band on the parade. Sloat was expatiating on her grace and beauty and going over the album for the twentieth time when the colonel,

with a twinkling eye, remarked to Mrs. Maynard:

"I think you ought to show Major [By act of congress officers may be addressed by the title of the highest rank held by them in the volunteer service during the war. The colonel always punctiliously so addressed his friend and subordinate, although in the army his grade was simply that of first lieutenant.] Sloat the 'directoire' picture, my dear."

"Alice would never forgive me," said madam, laughing, "though I consider it the most beautiful we have of her."

"Oh, where is it?" "Oh, do let us see it, Mrs. Maynard!" was the chorus of exclamations from the few ladies present. "Oh, I insist on seeing it, madam," was Sloat's characteristic contribution to the clamor.

"I want you to understand it," said Mrs. Maynard, pleased, but still hesitating. "We are very daft about Alice at home, you know, and it's quite a wonder she has not been utterly spoiled by her aunts and uncles, but this picture was a specialty. An artist friend of ours fairly made us have it taken in the wedding dress worn by her grandmother. You know the Josephine Beauharnais 'directoire' style that was worn in seventeen ninety something. Her neck and shoulders are lovely, and that was why we consented. I went, and so did the artist, and we posed her, and the photograph is simply of her face and neck, too, but when Alice saw it she blushed furiously and forbade my having them finished. Afterward, though, she yielded when her Aunt Kate and I begged so hard and promised that none should be given away, and so just half a dozen were finished. Indeed the dress is by no means as décolleté as many girls wear theirs at dinner now in New York, but poor Alice was scandalized when she saw it last month, and she never would let me put one in the album."

"Oh, do go and get it, Mrs. Maynard!" pleaded the ladies. "Oh, please let me see it, Mrs. Maynard!" added Sloat, and at last the mother pride prevailed. Mrs. Maynard rustled up stairs and presently returned, holding in her hands a delicate silver frame in filigree work, a quaint, foreign affair, and inclosed therein was a cabinet photograph en vignette—the head, neck and shoulders of a beautiful girl, and the dainty, diminutive, what-there-was-of-it waist of the old fashioned gown, sashed almost immediately under the exquisite bust, revealed quite materially the cause of Alice Renwick's blushes. But a more beautiful portrait was never photographed. The women fairly gasped with delight and envy. Sloat could not restrain his impatience to get it in his own hands, and finally he grasped it and then eyed it in rapture. It was two minutes before he spoke a word, while the colonel sat laughing at his worshipping gaze. Mrs. Maynard somewhat uneasily stretched forth her hand, and the other ladies impatiently strove to regain possession.

"Come, Major Sloat, you've surely had it long enough. We want it again."

"Never!" said Sloat, with melodramatic intensity. "Never! This is my ideal of perfection of divinity in woman. I will bear it home with me, set it above my fireside and adore it day and night."

"Nonsense, Major Sloat," said Mrs. Maynard, laughing, yet far from being at her ease. "Come, I must take it back. Alice may be in any minute now, and if she knew I had betrayed her she would never forgive me. Come, surrender!" And she strove to take it from him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GREAT MEN'S READING.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

Goethe once said that his literary life was determined by a volume of folklore tales he read when a child.

Julius Caesar was a close student of Homer and said that all military science was comprised in his pages.

Lord Bacon was a diligent student of Aristotle. He said that Aristotle had the mightiest intellect the world ever knew.

Balzac was passionately fond of fairy tales, and the wilder and more extravagant they were the better he liked them.

Henry VIII of England was fond of the controversial works that were common in his day and wrote a book against Luther.

Napoleon III was a student of military history, and particularly of the history of the Roman state about the time of Caesar.

Jenny Lind was fond of history, but preferred it when diluted with fiction. She said that a historical romance suited her ideas exactly.

Garriek's reading related almost entirely to his profession. He once said, "The human face is my favorite book, and the street is my school."

Berlioz read everything he could find that had any bearing on the theory of music. He was a born theorist, but had so little of the practical in his composition that he could play no instrument save the guitar, and that very badly.

Milton's reading consisted largely of Homer, Virgil and the Bible. His style is formed from the last and a large part of his imagery is drawn from the other two. Long passages in the "Paradise Lost" are simply translations from Homer or Virgil.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Girl's Health.

"If the girl, on entering womanhood, understands her body as she does other scientific works," said Miss Lindley, "recognizes it as the vehicle and abiding place of her mind and understands her mind as the educated individual for which body culture has been carefully given, her graduation certificate will not be the passport to invalidism. Such a millennium is possible, but it must begin in the home and with the mother. As the home is, so is the country, and both home and country will be made by the 'coming girl.'"

## SOMEBODY'S BABY.

I see each morning as I pass  
A tiny house that's on my way  
A face that haunts me through the day.  
"This some one's baby there who crows  
And stretches out his hands to me.  
He thinks I'm some one that he knows.  
I'm not, but I should like to be.  
I'm not the only man who goes  
Along that street and glances in,  
But I'm the only one he shows  
The very slightest interest in.  
He's taught me one thing that I'd miss.  
His winning ways a seed have sown.  
I'd give my freedom to be kissed  
By such a baby of my own."  
—W. W. Anderson in Ladies' Home Journal.

## POPULAR ERRORS.

Curious Notions That Commonly Get Into People's Heads.

The erroneous idea that the darkest hour immediately precedes the dawn is so common that it has passed into a proverb. Light comes as gradually in the morning as it dies in the evening. It would be as correct to speak of "the brightest hour before sunset."

There is no error which prevails more widely, even among educated people, than the belief that a man has one rib more in his right side than in his left, the deficiency being supposed to have been inherited from Adam. As a fact, men and women each have 24 ribs, 12 on each side.

One of the strangest errors is the delusion that the so called changes of the moon affect the weather. This superstition, handed down from remote times, is held by the vast majority, both educated and uneducated, throughout the world. It is almost impossible to convince a believer of this error, his answer being invariably to the strongest arguments, "But how about the tides?" Yet scientists declare that the moon has no control or connection with atmospheric changes.

A mistake which is widely believed in by all classes is that if a dead body be carried across any land on the way to the grave it establishes a public right of way over the land forever. There is no ground whatever for the idea, nor so far as the writer can ascertain, has there ever been any ground at any time. Why such an idea should be prevalent is a mystery, but it is seriously entertained, even by very many educated people.

The notion prevails both in England and Scotland that the Irish pronounce the diphthong eelroadly. In songs and stories of English manufacture they are made to say "swate" for "sweet," "strate" for "street," "chaze" for "cheese," "indade" for "indeed," etc. This is altogether wrong. It is the diphthong ea which is so pronounced. Thus "speak" is "spake," "meat" is "mate" which pronunciation Irishmen maintain to be correct.

One of the most common mistakes, and one prevalent even among the educated classes, is that the heart is on the left side of the body. It will doubtless come as a surprise to most people to learn that this is all a mistake, but it is nevertheless an indisputable fact that it is the smaller section of the heart that is to the left side, as a careful study of the human anatomy will verify. The popular error regarding the position of the most important organ of the body doubtless owes its origin to the fact that the auricle through which the blood is forced from the heart into the veins is on the left side, and when any twitch is felt it is, of course, at that part.—Jewish Messenger.

## A River's Mysterious Tide.

The tidal movement in the St. Lawrence is not the familiar diurnal one common in the ocean and other extensive bodies of water, salt or fresh, and caused by the attraction of the moon. It is something much more mysterious. The allegation is that the big river has a total tidal fall of about 14 years, and that is that it falls regularly and continually for seven consecutive years, dropping its level four or five feet, and then rises for the next seven years. Those who make this assertion—and its most persistent adherents are the fishermen and guides who study the river as a matter of business from day to day and year to year—are fortified with apparently excellent evidence. They will show you the islands submerged for 12 years that only show themselves at the lowest water during the two remaining years of the period. They will row you out to perpendicular cliffs, upon whose sides their fathers and their grandfathers before them have marked high water, and the alleged dates seem to confirm the theory. What makes this singular movement of the water more apparent is the fact that the lordly St. Lawrence is not subject to the floods and droughts which raise and lower the levels of almost all rivers many times during the course of each year. Except for the almost imperceptible "tidal" rise or fall as the case may be, its level is constant the year around. Weeks of heavy rain do not disturb its steady volume or spoil the angler's sport by making muddy the clear water.—New York Herald.

## Golden Silence.

The most dramatic of silent men was Wallenstein, the antagonist of Gustavus Adolphus, and the commander of the emperor's armies in the Thirty Years' war. He insisted that the deepest silence should reign about him. His officers took care that no loud conversation should disturb their general. They knew that a chamberlain had been hanged for waking him without orders, and that an officer who would wear clanking spurs in the commander's presence had been secretly put to death.

In the rooms of his palace the servants glided as if they were phantoms, and a dozen sentinels moved about his tent charged to secure the silence the general demanded. Chains were stretched across the streets in order to guard him against the disturbance of sounds.

Wallenstein's taciturnity, which made him shun speech, and his love of silence, which caused him to be irritated at the slightest noise, were due to his constitutional temperament. He never smiled, he never asked advice from any one, and he could not endure to be gazed at, even when giving an order. The soldiers, when he crossed the camp, pretended not to see him, knowing that a curious look would bring them punishment.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Three Little Words.

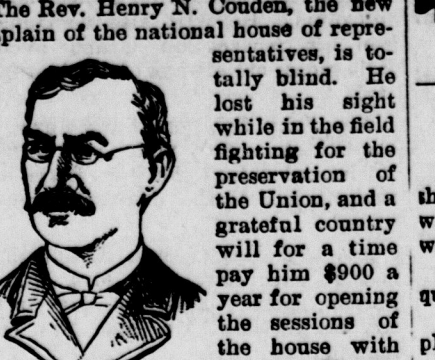
Don't forget three little words—"If you please." Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Humphry Davy.

## Dad Was Derived From the Welsh.

Probably very few sons and daughters know that in using the word dad they are speaking the purest Welsh. The opening words of the Lord's Prayer in Welsh are "Ein Dad."

## COUDEN, THE BLIND CHAPLAIN.

The Man Who Prays for the House Lost His Sight in the War.



The Rev. Henry N. Couden, the new chaplain of the national house of representatives, is totally blind. He lost his sight while in the field fighting for the preservation of the Union, and a grateful country will for a time pay him \$900 a year for opening the sessions of the house with prayer. He enlisted in the army when he was only 18 years of age and went to the front as a member of the Sixth Ohio infantry. When his first term of service as a volunteer expired, he re-enlisted for three years. He fought under McClellan in the West Virginia campaign and was with Grant at Shiloh. In February, 1863, he was transferred to the First Mississippi Marine brigade. One day near Austin, Miss., he received a charge of small shot full in the face and was soon horrified to learn that he was totally blind.

He received an honorable discharge from the army and entered a school for the blind at Columbus, O., remaining there for seven years studying and preparing himself for the ministry. He then entered the Theological seminary at Canton, N. Y., and was finally licensed to preach. His first pastorate was at Madrid, N. Y., and he has since preached the gospel at Willoughby, O.; Chatham, Mass., and Port Huron, Mich. He was pastor of the Universalist church at Port Huron until several months ago, when he resigned. He is described as a man of lovable character and scholarly tastes.

Congress has long been partial to blind chaplains and chaplains who make short prayers. The Rev. W. H. Milburn, who became famous as the "blind chaplain of the house," was appointed away back in 1845 and has been praying in the house at intervals for the past 60 years. Not long ago he was transferred to the senate, which he now opens with prayer.

## STAGE GLINTS.

There will be four actors on the road this season presenting "The Merchant of Venice."

A farce comedy is announced for early production. Its title is classical, "A Tough Nut."

Courtney Thorpe and Ida Jeffreys-Goodfriend have closed their tour in "The Story of a Sin."

Modjeska's manager declares that his star's approaching farewell tour is not a Patti farewell. At its close she will retire.

Charles Rohlfis will be the first English speaking actor to produce Moliere's quaint comedy, "A Physician In Spite of Himself."

Lillian Walrath may have trouble in producing "Honor," as Augustin Daly claims to have bought the American rights to the play.

Emma Calve will be seen in this country during the season in "La Navarraise," for the libretto of which her fiancé is responsible.

Yvette Guilbert, the Frenchwoman who is to get \$3,000 a week or less during her American engagement, will, it is said, soon be married.

John B. Doris has engaged W. H. Lytoll as principal comedian and stage manager of his stock company at the Fourteenth Street theater, New York.

H. J. Leslie has abandoned his idea of taking out a company to present Collier's operas "Dorothy" and "Doris" and has so notified the people he had engaged.

Stuart Robson's new play, "Government Acceptance," does not amount to much. Neither does "That Imprudent Young Couple," in which John Drew is appearing in New York.

## TURF TOPICS.

Azote can beat 'em all from A to Z.

William Penn will change hands this fall.

Guy, Mascot and Flying Jib are on a "back seat."

Buzzetta may not be seen any more on the turf this season.

A new source of revenue to track managers—fine the drivers.

Klamath is gaited forward not unlike the black gelding Guy, 2:09 3/4.

California has produced more than one noted "plow horse," but only one Azote.

C. W. Williams calculates he must have lost about \$40,000 on his big Galesburg meeting.

French mutuels in France pay a tax to the state, and consequently a record of the bettings is kept. Last year Paris bet \$37,800,000 in this form alone on horse races.

M. F. Dwyer looks none the worse for his English campaign and is at the races daily. Mr. Dwyer says that in his opinion the English horses average better than ours.

In Philadelphia recently Joel P. Bailey drove his black and gray road team, carrying with him Colonel A. Londen Snowden, who weighs 235 pounds, a mile over the Belmont track, without a skip or jump, in 2:41 3/4.

Miss Lucy B. Griffin, an elocutionist, created quite a stir in Abilene, Ia., recently by appearing in full knickerbockers. She ordered a saddle horse and rode astride to the houses of several women friends. Some of them fled from her in dismay, and none would go to the pavement to greet her.—Horseman.

## It Sometimes Seems So.

Tommy—Paw, what does the paper mean by practical Christianity?

Paw—Practical Christianity is the kind that does not interfere with a man's business.—Indianapolis Journal.

## HUMOROUS

It Was Very Plain to Him.

"No; I will never!" Drawing herself up as imperiously as she possibly could, she threw in a few withering glances to emphasize her words.

"—marry you. Do I make myself quite plain?"

He carelessly but very ungallantly placed his hat on the back of his head.

"That would be!" Moving over close to the main entrance to her house, he continued:

"—entirely superfluous, since nature has forestalled you."

Long after the door had slammed violently she stood there alone, gazing into vacancy.—New York World.

## A Rare Specimen.



Mrs. Donovan—Michael, wud ye luk at that lovely goat? Be the powers, if we had that big divvel in the front yard, we'd be the invy av the whole neighborhood.

Mr. Donovan—Go an wit' you an ignorance! Can't ye see be the sign on the birdcage that he's wan o' them Oryx Licorices?

Mrs. D.—Arrah, thin av course it is that same, an I might av knowed I noticed his beautiful licorice horns.—Truth.

## Just Like Mollican Man.

Chinese are great imitators. On a Ninth street electric car, coming down town, was seated one of these childlike and bland celestials, with a pensive, faraway look on his face, but the sad expression would give way occasionally as the motorman turned on more electricity, and an expansive grin would over his features as the car leaped forward as though conscious of the admiration of pedestrians, and the laundryman remarked to the passenger seated on his left:

"We just zippe light along."

Between H and I streets one of the passengers stepped out on the footboard, and as the conductor made a motion to catch hold of the bell cord the man shook his head. Taking hold of the side bar, he swung out with his face toward the forward end of the car, dropped off lightly and walked away.

Down between G and H streets the Chinaman stepped out on the footboard, and again the conductor put his hand to the bell cord.

"Don't ling! Don't ling!" said the grinning Celestial. "I jumpee off just likee other man."

Taking an extra reef in his blouse with both hands, he hopped off at a right angle to the car, landed first on both feet and then on his left shoulder and ear, and as the car bowed along in the darkness the passengers could hear in a high falsetto wail from the gutter: "Allee samee dam foolse!"—Washington Post.

## The Major's Change of Mind.

The Throckmorton story, while an old and often told one, may not be known to some readers. It goes that the major and three or four others were engaged in a game of cards in this city. Among the players was a man who, though a stranger, appeared to be a gentleman. Appearances were deceptive, however, for he was soon detected in and charged with cheating. As the players arose to their feet the crook asked one of them:

"Do you believe I was cheating, sir?"

"I do," was the answer.

Whereupon he was promptly knocked down by the gambler, who was an athletic giant.

"Do you believe I was cheating?" he asked of another of the party.

"I am bound to say I do," was the reply, and down he went also.

Then, turning to Major Throckmorton, the pugilistic sharp put the same question to him.

"Well," answered the major, "I did think so, but I've had a change of opinion!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## The Charm of Manner.

A modern thinker has said, "The only empire freely conceded to women is that of manners, but it is



## WAITING FOR THE BOYS TO GROW.

Mother, in the cottage ponder,  
Why to the future wander,  
Wishing for your boys to grow  
Childhood love is better, purer,  
Of them you are ever sure,  
Ere into the world they go.

While unto your voice they hearken,  
N'er a shade they'll cause to darken  
Your young motherhood's bright sky.  
Take, each hour, its store of pleasure  
Sure love's choicest, richest treasure  
Round your babies' childhood lie.

Wait not for the days you're planning,  
All bright omens ever scanning,  
Dreaming day dreams for your boys.  
Others, too, have lost life's sweetness,  
Lost their hopes in full completeness,  
All by wasting present joys.

Future's oft a strange undoing  
Of the castles now we're viewing.  
Tow'ring castles in the air,  
So, fond mother, cease your yearning,  
Taste the sweets you now are sipping,  
While your babies are free from care.  
—Hugh Adair in Good Housekeeping.

## ON THE PAYSTREAK.

Rodolfo was kneeling beside the door of a little jacal on the western slope of the San Ysidro mountains pounding soap. That may seem a curious occupation, but here in New Mexico nine-tenths of the people have to pound their soap—the fat root of the palmilla (a sort of aloe), whose fibrous substance they crush to pulp for use in tub or basin. This curious natural soap is called amole, and an excellent article it is. The poor little jacal—a roofed palisade of pinon trunks, chinked and covered with adobe mud—looked as if it were like to contain very little worthy of washing, but the amole and a huge copper caldron simmering over a fire of chips indicated plainly that there was something to be scrubbed.

Just then a brown, thin faced woman stood in the low doorway holding in her arms a curious, brilliant robe like a blanket. Strangely enough, the most beautiful and the most durable blankets in the world are made, not in civilized looms, but by half savage Indians with no better appliances than a rude combination of sticks and cords suspended from the branch of a tree. This one was of the best Navajo make—a blanket of crimson bolletta, with blue and white lightnings playing across it; a blanket which it required a solid twelvemonth to weave, and in which one could carry water as in a bag of rubber.

"Is the amole ready?" asked Maria. "Ay de mi! My heart is heavy for the serape that Don Francisco gave to thy father. That only we have saved when all was lost, and now it, too, has to be sold. Last year the governor in Santa Fe offered 150 pesos (dollars) for it, and now when it is washed thou shalt take it thither to see if he still will buy. Lastimal! It is the last we have of thy father, and—ay! me tienes?"

For Rodolfo had jumped to his feet with a loud cry. "Mira, nana!" (look mother) he said, laying something in her palm. It was a wee, yellow scale, not so broad as Rodolfo's little finger nail, nor quite so thick. But how heavy it was! And what a color—that exquisite waxy luster of the gold of the New Placers.

"Oro grande!" (coarse gold) cried Maria, her big, tired eyes lighting up. "Where didst thou find it?"

"Pounding this last big piece of amole, nana, I found it in an elbow of the root. Sprate, till I pan the dirt—perhaps there is more."

In a moment he was out of the house again with a big wooden bowl; carefully scooping up the few handfuls of sandy earth fallen from the pile of roots, he put it in the bowl and poured on water from an olla (earthen jar) till the bowl was nearly full. Grasping it by the edges he gave it a slow, tilting, rotary motion. Directly the water began to run around and around in a miniature whirlpool, and the sand began to follow its current slowly. Now and then Rodolfo stopped to run his hands through the sand and loosen it up; and again set it to revolving—for he had learned to pan out gold as well as any one when he and his father used to work side by side in the placers at Dolores. Now the poor old man—never fully recovered from that last awful wound received in a fight with the Apaches—was dead, and they were very poor. There was no more money to be made in the placers, for it was too expensive to haul water for washing that washed out gravel, and the beautiful serape must be sold or their poor little home would be taken from them.

When the sand was thoroughly wet up Rodolfo began to give the bowl a stronger motion sideways, till it seemed as though he would spill the whole contents. A lot of water and sand splashed out from side to side, till presently there was left but a handful in the bottom of the bowl. As he kept rotating it more slowly and gently this drew out in a thin semicircle at the bottom of the bowl, as far from the center as it could get—a sandy procession in which the usual parade order of the dignitaries was quite reversed. For ahead of all was the worthless, unstable, reddish sand; at its heels the black iron dust which always is found in very rich company, and lagging at the rear of all came a few wee, yellow flecks no bigger than a pinhead.

"Perot!" cried Rodolfo to his mother, who was kneeling beside him, "it is very rich! There will be cuatro reales (fifty cents) from so little dirt!"

Now he was holding the bowl so tilted that the water had all run out; and the "proccesion," trying to follow it, was headed down to the very edge, where some of the foremost sand fell off. Dipping his hand in the olla, Rodolfo dropped a very little water upon the sand, to accelerate its exit. Then he tipped the bowl back to a level, and poured in a fresh dipper of water. A little more gentle rotating and the procession was formed again, smaller than before, but in the same order. Again he ran off the foremost sand; and so, over and over, working more daintily all the time, till not a bit of sand was left, but little of the iron dust. Only a short black patch of the latter remained, guarding the precious yellow at its back—from the impalpable golden

"four" that was nearest, and even mingled with it, back to fat little flakes. His mother had brought out a small bottle; and pushing out all the black dust he could with a deft forefinger, he tipped the edge of the bowl to the bottle's mouth, and, with a tiny stream from his fingers, coaxed the gold slowly into its new home. "Que rico!" cried Rodolfo, holding the bottle away from him with a critical closing of one eye. "It is a better prospect than I have seen in the New Placers. Such dirt ought to pay five pesos the day—or more, if one can find the paystreak. And I know just where I dug the biggest

palmilla, for I noticed it had so fat a root, and there I am going this very now. Perchance thou wilt not have to sell the serape, nana!—only wait me, till I see if we do not find much gold!"

For six days the old jacal saw very little of Rodolfo. Exactly where he had pried out the root of the big palmilla was now a square hole nearly four feet across and eighteen feet deep. It was on the bank of the little dry stream bed at the bottom of the big arroyo. At each side of the shaft a stout young pinon trunk, with a fork at the top, was driven firmly into the ground, and across these two forks lay his primitive windlass—another pinon trunk with a stout oblique branch left at one end for a crank. A strong rope was on the windlass, and at its lower end dangled a stout rung to be passed through the handles of the curious bucket gripsack of rawhide. Thus far he had worked alone, and very tire-some work it was, loosening with his pick that jumble of gravel and rocks which the swift turbulence of summer torrents had packed and repacked in the narrow gorge, and lifting it out by the bucketful.

As the hole grew deeper he had to swing down by his rope, till the rawhide sack with gravel, climb the rope again hand over hand, and laboriously windlass the heavy load to the surface and empty it upon the dump. And now the bottom of the shaft was at bedrock—the smoothish, sloping blanket of porphyry, coated with a peculiar gray cement which underlies all that great plateau. Soon he would know if all that digging and hoisting had been in vain. As he started for home that evening his tattered coat pulled heavy on blistered hands—for in it he was carrying a load of the very last gravel, which he had carefully brushed up from the bedrock. There was no water in the arroyo, and to pan his dirt he must carry it home or bring water two miles to the shaft.

"Ya sa acabo!" (now it's done) he cried gayly to his mother, dropping the heavy load from his aching shoulders. "And tomorrow I begin to drift for the paystreak. But now I will pan this dirt before the sun goes and see if it be good."

Five times he panned out the bowl half full of that shabby looking gravel, and each time the tiny patch of wet gold-dust which he pushed out upon a smooth stone was swelled a little. And in the last pan was a small, waterworn lump, which came very near escaping with the first coarse pebbles—a nugget of fully two dollars, at which the tired mother wept for joy, while Rodolfo danced about her, crying:

"Ay, nana! Already there is like four pesos! Very soon we will be rich ones!"

The sun was not nearly up the farther side of the Oroque peaks on the morrow when Rodolfo and his mother were trudging away toward the arroyo, driving ahead a patient burro borrowed from Cousin Pablo. Poor Flojo had a very uncomfortable load; for two big kegs of water were balanced in opposite ends of a woolsack across the queer little pack saddle, and bumped his either side. Rodolfo carried on his head a rude "rocker," hastily made from a box, and in his hands a heavy, double pointed steel bar. His mother brought the wooden bowl, and on her head a large olla full of water was confidently poised. The time had come when both must work, and little Chona would have to care for the young babies at home through the day.

In the earth near his shaft Rodolfo had dug a basin five feet long and three feet wide and lined it with tight packed clay, so that the precious water might not be wasted. At the upper end was laid a big flat slab of sandstone from the ledge in the side of the arroyo, and on this "foundation" he set his rocker. It was merely a stout box with one end knocked out, two rude wooden rockers like those of an old fashioned cradle under it, a strong handle nailed to one side, and fitting into its top a small square box with a bottom of coarse wire screen. Under this screen was a canvas apron nailed to a frame and sloping backward. The rocker itself pitched forward, and across its sloping bottom were nailed cleats a few inches apart.

Flojo was soon relieved and turned out to graze, his forehead hobbled with little rawhide handcuffs, that he might not stray too far. The rocker was set up ready for work and beside it a keg of water with a gourd dipper.

Dropping his heavy bar down the shaft—for the pick would be of no use in the close quarters in which he was now to work—and tossing after it a tin basin, which would be handier than a shovel, Rodolfo grasped the rope and slid lightly down.

Taking the steel bar in both hands he began to jab it against the close packed gravel on the up stream side of the shaft. Prying out first the bigger stones to a height of two feet above bedrock, and then the coarse gravel, he soon had started a tiny tunnel some two feet in diameter. As fast as he filled the rawhide bucket he dragged it out to the center of the shaft and passed the cross-stick on the rope through the rawhide handles, and his mother, inured to the hard work of the frontier, windlassed it to the surface. The rock she threw away out in the streambed, but the gravel was carefully emptied upon a clean hard spot beside the rocker, where it grew apace.

When it was noon by the overhead sun Rodolfo came up on the rope and they ate their scant dinner of tortillas (cakes of unleavened dough cooked on a hot, flat stone) and water. There was half a yard of gravel beside the rocker (auriferous gravel averages about a ton to the

cubic yard and "a yard of gravel" is a good day's work for one person). Truly, they had worked very well. But were they on the paystreak? That was what Rodolfo was very anxious to know—for the gold that comes swirling down the stream from the mother veins in the mountains acts precisely as it acted in Rodolfo's wooden bowl. It is not distributed at random throughout that vast volume of accompanying rocks and sand, but trails along in reluctant file in the line of the strongest current, and being heavier according to its bulk than any of its companions, it keeps sinking down and down till the great sheet of bedrock will let it sink no deeper. And when the rains are over and the raging torrent becomes but a dry wash of sand and boulders—for there are very few perennial streams in the gold regions of the southwest—the cunning yellow fugitives lie still there, never to change places until some great freshet shall scour the bedrock bare, or some prying hand finds his hiding place. So, even if the miner drop his shaft squarely upon the paystreak, he does not know which way to follow it, but must be panning out sample gravel every little while and

running his drift to one side or the other according to what the pan tells him.

Rodolfo could scarcely wait to swallow the last of his tough tortilla. Washing it down with a hasty pull from the keg, he shoveled the screen box full of gravel, and taking the upright handle with both hands began to sway the heavy rocker from side to side while his mother poured on water from the gourd. The fine sand rapidly melted down through the screen and went jolting down the canvas apron to the back end of the rocker, where it fell to the wooden bottom, turned and began to wander forward to the open front end. When the screen was washed clear of sand Maria lifted it out, clawed over the glistening pebbles to make sure that there was no coarse nuggets among them, and flung them out, filling the screen with fresh gravel and wetting it down as before, while Rodolfo kept on rocking. Time and again the screen was emptied and refilled, and all the while the rocking and the pouring of water continued. The sloping bottom of the rocker was full of sand—at the lower end an inch deep—and this sheet of sand, shaken by the motion and coaxed on by the water, kept creeping over the last rattle cleat and falling into the clay lined reservoir, from which Maria was now dipping back the water instead of from the nearly empty keg.

The afternoon shadows were deep in the round hollows of the mighty Sandias when Rodolfo rose from beside the rocker, emptied the screen and straightened his stiff legs.

"Now for a clean up, nana!" he said. He poured in a gentle stream upon the apron while he rocked; and, as there was now no new sand rolling down, that on the apron and on the bottom of the rocker began to work rapidly forward, and in a few minutes there remained only a little sand caught in the angle behind each rattle. Rodolfo whittled out a smooth, thin stick with a square end, and carefully scooped the wet sand into his bowl, scraping out every grain from the cracks, and proceeded to pan it out. But now, instead of a few handfuls of random dirt, the bowl held the concentrated richness of half a ton of gravel from bedrock. That was the beauty of the rocker—it would have taken four times as long to "work" that pile of gravel with the pan; the rocker did the heavy work in short order, and left only the finishing touches for the pan.

And now, when Rodolfo had got rid of most of the sand and began to "draw" what was left at the bottom of the bowl, there was a sight for four dark, glistening eyes. As the unstable sand drifted forward and forward it uncovered more and more of a rich, deliberate bank of yellow, till Rodolfo's trembling fingers scarce could hold up that precious pan from spilling, and excited tears ran down Maria's thin cheeks. When at last he had guided the gold safely into the bottle he laid his face to hers and said in a voice which was tremulous, but strangely sweet:

"It is well, nana! The governor cannot have the serape that was my father's. And now let us go home."

The days went on, and the yellow dust in the bottle had grown half way to the top. Here and there in it were little rounded nuggets and waxy flakes, which Rodolfo loved to shake up. There was a whole sack of flour now in the jacal and a bushel of frijoles (Mexican beans). Every day Flojo—who had been bought with one fat nugget—"packed" his load of water to the arroyo; and every day Rodolfo and his mother worked on the gravel he sent up. His drift now ran thirty feet out from the bottom of the shaft—a narrow, dark, crooked burrow, at whose farther end he lay upon his side, and pecked away with his bar by a candle's stinky light. Some days he lost the paystreak, and the panning out at evening was very light; but soon he found it again, and all was well. And every day the bottle grew heavier and brighter, till it was like a bar of lead to lift.

One morning as Rodolfo was working in his drift there came a sudden dull, low rumble, and loosened pebbles fell upon him. Filled with a nameless dread, he crawled out toward the shaft, but no faint ray of daylight came to meet him at the corner. The great boulder under which he had dug, five feet from the entrance of the drift, had fallen in! He had undermined it more than one should in following the paystreak under it. And now it had crushed out its gravel supports and had fallen and closed his burrow. He was buried alive! With trembling fingers he felt across its cold, smooth surface. Another boulder had followed it from above and filled its place so that he could not dig out above it, and to try would cause a cave-in that would crush him.

Thought chased thought in strange procession through his brain. Buried alive under eighteen feet of earth and stone—his mother so near as that, but never to see him again—his poor mother! And just as they were getting the dear gold that would make them all so happy!

But in the veins of this slender, dark faced boy ran blood of that old blue of Spain that conquered and opened this new world to the old. He would not die like a coward—he would try.

He crawled back and got his bar and candle and brought them to the boulder door of his prison and began to try the surrounding earth with cautious punchings. But the fall of the great rock had so loosened all the soil that it was sure to cave as soon as he should attempt to dig through it. In his desperation he even tried if he could not pry the great rock forward and in time clear out into the shaft, but a dozen men could scarce have budged that ton of porphyry.

Still he thrust his steel lever into the earth at either side and shoved on the boulder, and suddenly the bar "gave" downward, as if he had driven it a foot into the solid bedrock! Startled and mystified, he began to probe the yielding spot, and in a moment gave a great cry of newborn hope. How strange the chance upon which a life may hang! In all the thirty feet of bedrock he had cleaned up, there was not a hollow; but right here, its edge an inch from where he had dug, was a "pocket" of unknown size. Some boulder, caught in the eddies of forgotten centuries, had rolled around and around in this one spot till it ground for itself a basin in the stubborn bedrock. The grinding rock was there now—he could feel with his bar its rounded side amid the fine sand with which the hole had filled before the stream built that torrent pile above and lifted its own bed by nearly twenty feet. The pothole lay partly under one end of the fallen boulder, so that he could dig in it without danger of a serious cave-in. If it was deep enough and wide enough!

He dove the bar fiercely into the hard gravel, he pried away the stones and scooped out the sand with fingers that bled to their ungentle touch. In a moment he had cleared a place large enough to let him at the buried pothole. Laying aside the heavy bar, he began to claw out the sand with frantic hands and throw it back between his legs like a rabbit burrowing. Now and then a loosened stone from the roof gave him a cruel pelt on the head or back, but he hardly noticed it. The candle was burning very faintly now, and his breath grew short and thick. The scant air of his prison was fast becoming a deadly poison. Even if the pothole were big enough, could he keep breath to burrow through? He was down in the pothole now, right under the fallen boulder. The round stone which had worn that blessed pit was too heavy to be lifted out, but he had half a yard between it and the boulder above, and that was room enough.

At last his hand, burrowing forward, came to a polished concave surface. It was the farther side of the pothole! He scooped away the sand with vigorous energy until he could feel all along that strange, bowl-like wall, and in an agony of doubt lifted his hands to see what was above. They touched something hard and smooth and convex, and he shrieked aloud. It was the great boulder—it covered the farther side of the great pothole, and he would never get out! But not! It is a smaller rock—and there is another wedged beside it, and another! The pothole opens out beyond the prison boulder!

He crawled back for his bar, but it was too long to be turned up in that passage under the great rock. His strength was almost gone. His head swam and a strange whirl was in his ears. To die after all, with dear life so near! He caught up a smooth stone that had fallen in the drift, and lying upon his back in the pothole began to hammer desperately overhead, cracking off rocky splinters that filled his eyes, crushing his fingers blindly, working stupidly, as one half asleep.

And then a round stone as big as his head fell and barely missed his face, and that let loose another and there came a shower of sand and that sweetest thing in all the world, the fresh air of heaven—and Rodolfo knew no more.

"Perot! What keeps Rodolfo so long?" muttered Maria anxiously, "for I was at home much time, and not yet has he filled the bucket to send up. Rodolfo! Little son!" And she leaned over the shaft, calling shrilly again and again.

"May the holiest mother help me," she murmured, catching the rope and shivering, "for it is very deep. But I must see what has come to my boy." And sliding down the harsh rope, with burned and falling fingers, she fell in a heap to the bottom.

When Rodolfo opened his eyes the little hole above his face had grown larger, and slender, bleeding fingers were tearing at its rough sides. Faintly at first, but with growing strength, he hammered with his stone from within, until at last he squeezed through the narrow opening and crawled with his fainting mother to daylight at the bottom of the shaft.

It was late at night when the boy was strong enough to climb the rope and windlass his mother up, and for many days both lay helpless and fevered in the little jacal, cared for by kindly vecinos from Dolores.

But both got well at last, and Rodolfo went back to work in his placer claim, which quite filled the bottle and many others like it in course of time. But that blessed pothole which had saved his life was what really made him a rich man for that poor country. It had been a lively miser in its day, and when he cleaned it out, well knowing that such a pit in the very path of the paystreak was the best of all traps to catch the vagrant gold, he washed out in one day from the gravel in its bowl-like bottom so many hundreds of dollars' worth of yellow dust and fat nuggets that he never dared tell how much there was, and I doubt if any one knows to this day.—C. F. Lummis in Detroit News.

**Keep Your Temper Over Trifles.**  
Don't get angry at trifles. Look at vexations now as you will view them thirty days from date. The angry man, who gets the wrong key and pushes and rattles the door till he breaks the lock, loses more time than if he had quietly gone for the right key, and pays for a new lock besides.—Good Housekeeping.

## ENGLISH OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

Some Eccentricities That Struck a Recent American Visitor.

One of the first sermons the spectator heard on landing in England was preached in Westminster abbey. The impressiveness of the abbey service is, by the way, somewhat marred by the manner in which the crowd "crowds" the monuments, the women sitting on the pedestals and the men hanging their hats on the arms or any other projections in sight. The preacher that evening was the Very Rev. Dean of Ely. He gave an excellent sermon on certain problems of modern thought, but all the way through he pronounced evolution "e"-volution.

The next evening the spectator was the guest of a well known London journalist, a graduate of Cambridge, who also used the word evolution, pronouncing it also "e"-volution. So odd a pronunciation might be set down, in the case of a Church of England clergyman, as one of those pulpit peculiarities of affectations—at least so they sound—which those unaccustomed to them cannot escape noticing. This theory can hardly be stretched to apply to a layman, and a newspaper man at that, and so the spectator asked his host if "e"-volution was the ordinary English pronunciation. The latter replied that he had never heard any other.

The spectator thought that he had discovered a new Americanism. Consulting various dictionaries on his return, the spectator changed his mind. Not one of them gave "e"-volution as even a possible or alternate pronunciation, not the Century, nor the Standard, nor even Stormonth. Indeed, the last authority went so far the other way as to give e-volve as the proper pronunciation of evolve. The spectator was thus driven to the conclusion that the English are more independent of dictionaries than the Americans, are not constantly "looking up words," as we are here, and accept the ordinary usage of the people with whom they associate as authoritative, which would be a typical British way of settling almost any question.

An amusing bit of art slang came to the spectator's attention—was, in fact, thrust upon him—at this year's exhibition of the Royal academy. The one comment, whether of admiration or surprise, was the invariable phrase, "How very extra'ordin'ry!" This was applied indiscriminately to any and every picture, from a bit of realistic flesh painting—usually, in Paris and London alike, the back of some reclining woman with the reddest hair, which must be the latest fad with the realists—to one of Sargent's portraits, or a wonderful setting of many figures, such as Alma-Tadema's "Spring." It was extraordinary how tiresome the constant repetition of that phrase became after a single day at the academy.

But it was at the Royal mews, the stables of Buckingham palace, that the spectator had impressed upon him how much importance attaches to a proper discrimination in the use of English. The groom in attendance was a most impressive person, so very impressive from his cockade to his boots as to satisfy completely one's ideal of stateliness in even a humble royal stunk. And he "lived up to" his livery. His manner was dignity itself. Referring to the parade at Hyde park the day before, at which the spectator had been present, he asked the groom whether any royalties had been "out riding" there that afternoon. "Oh, no, sir," replied that functionary, with freezing sarcasm. "Their royal highnesses and the ladies and gentlemen of the court 'ride' in the morning. They 'drive' in the afternoon." There may have been previous occasions in the spectator's experience when he was equally crushed by the sense of having used the wrong word in the presence of a critical authority, but he failed to recall them then and he has failed to recall them since.—Outlook.

## Sir Humphry Davy's Strange Light.

Sir Humphry was alone in his room one evening attired in a dressing gown and a nightcap, constructed on the ancient colonial pattern, with a tassel for the apex, of which I suppose hardly a specimen could be found in these degenerate days. Suddenly he saw a mysterious light on the ceiling of his room for which he could not account in any way. His scientific zeal was aroused at once to discover the cause. It must be a reflected light, perhaps from some celestial phenomenon in the sky. He rushed to the window and looked out, but all was as usual in the darkened heavens.

He extinguished the lamp, thinking that its flame might have become singularly polarized on the ceiling, but there was no change in the circular light over his head except that it seemed growing brighter. He tried every plan he could think of to explain it, but in vain. The great man was completely puzzled—he stood gazing upward open mouthed, while his acute brain was intent on the mystery. Presently, however, he became aware that the receptacle in which the wise brain was enclosed had a sensation of unpleasant warmth, while an odor, apparently due to the frizzling of hair, was making itself strongly felt. Involuntarily he snatched off his nightcap, and then discovered that he had set fire to the tassel thereof in bending over the lamp while engaged in an experiment, and the strange circle of light was at once explained, to his no small indignation.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE JEWEL CASKET.

The constantly increasing use of enamel is the most obvious tendency in ornamentation.

A stickpin that holds its own through various modifications is the little pretzel-like coil of gold or silver, either by itself or ensnaring a tiny stone.

Twin serpents interlaced are among the various designs for necklet bars; slender spirals starred with tiny lilies, each end terminating in a flower—lance, is another design; little wheels with curving spokes and a large stone for the hub is a third.

## PERSONAL COMMENT.

Mrs. John A. Logan will spend the winter abroad, it is said.

Joel Chandler Harris was a journeyman printer in early life.

The commander in chief of the sultan of Morocco's army is a Scotsman, by name Kaid McLain.

United States Ambassador Bayard has promised to deliver the annual address in the autumn to the Edinburgh Philosophical society.

Mr. Gladstone has written such a vast number of letters during his life that his autographs bring only sixpence in the English market.

Joseph Mannel, 98 years of age, and his wife Sarah, 96, have just celebrated their diamond wedding in Kennebunkport, Me. They both enjoy good health.

Henry Dunant, the founder of the Geneva Red Cross society, is now, at 67, in great poverty and nearly starving. He spent all he had in promoting his idea.

The Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M. P., who is 93 years old, can beat half the crack whist players in the London clubs. He was a schoolmate of Lord Byron.

Senator Nelson of Minnesota has a fine farm of nearly 400 acres under the best system of cultivation. He has lived on it since 1871. This year he has large crops for sale.

The Duke of Cambridge received the notice of his being superseded by Lord Wolsley with such disappointment that it is feared by his friends that his life will be cut short.

William M. Evarts, in his retirement at Windsor, Vt., is said to take a keen and lively interest in public affairs. He reads and writes with difficulty, but enjoys good health and spirits.

Hui Kin is the first Chinaman to be ordained as a Christian minister in the eastern part of the United States. He is a Presbyterian and has lived in New York since he came to this country, 20 years ago.

Embassador Bayard's family have been holding office continually under the United States government for 100 years, James Bayard, the embassador's grandfather, having been elected a delegate to the federal congress in 1796.

Lord Dufferin's son, the Earl of Ava, who travelled through this country last season, is soon to be married in London. The young lady is said to be clever and charming and an heiress to a peerage as well as to a fortune.

Young ladies who wish to possess titles are informed that there are still six marriageable dukes in England—namely: Grafton, age 81; Richmond, age 77; Norfolk, age 88; Marlborough, age 24; Roxburghe, age 19; Manchester, age 18.

W. S. Stratton, who owns the Independence mine of Cripple Creek, Colo., is a carpenter by trade. Three years ago he walked from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek, a distance of 80 miles, in order to save the fare, which amounted to \$4. Now he has an income of \$1,200,000 a year.

It costs something to have an emperor for a friend. The recent visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to Lord Lansdale cost, it is said, \$200,000. This is not quite as bad as was the case in which the Duke of Buckingham had Queen Victoria as his guest at Stowe. The costliness of her reception was so great as to bankrupt him.

## WHISKY NO CURE FOR POISON.

The Liquor Is Not an Antidote For Snake Bites.

"Whisky will never cure a poisonous snake bite," said Professor Theodore A. Schurr, the naturalist, of 80 years' experience, to a reporter. "The idea that whisky is an antidote for the bite of a rattlesnake or any other venomous reptile is a delusion so popular and general that I always take special pains to correct and expose it in my lectures. Whisky never will or never did cure any one bitten by a snake, but because some persons took some whisky after being bitten by a harmless snake and recovered he attributed his cure to the whisky, and so the idea gained circulation. I have never known a case to be cured by the use of whisky and have known several cases where it had been used to result fatally. Whisky only adds additional poison to the system instead of removing and destroying that of the snake."

"The only thing that will cure a person bitten by a rattler or other poisonous snake is the use of permanganate of potash. This is an effectual cure in almost every instance. The venom of a reptile is injected into the blood, and the poison destroys the blood globules. I was bitten on by a rattler on my index finger and immediately took my pocketknife and made a deep incision near the wound, so that the poison could not be taken up and distributed through my system. The bitten part was then cauterized, and it caused me no trouble whatever. Whisky is not very good to use at any time, and no good for snake bites."—Pittsburg Post.

## Pawning a Bank Note.

One of the oddest methods of utilizing a bank note which has probably ever been known took place recently in the east of London. A sailor walked into a large pawnbroking establishment near the docks and pawning a £10 Bank of England note, inquiring how much could be advanced on it.

Six pounds was offered and promptly accepted, and the note actually remained for some months till redeemed by some sharp witted person, the usual amount of interest on the loan being of course paid.

This perfectly authentic incident recalls the equally true stories of old days, when men-of-war's men at Portsmouth, on being paid off after a long cruise, during which large sums of prize money usually accrued to them, frequently lit their pipes with bank notes as an agreeable variant to frying gold watches in pans of fat over the fire, both of which facts are vouched for on undoubted authority.—Strand Magazine.

It cost Sir Henry Irving \$500 to answer the first day's dispatches of congratulations from Europe and America on his elevation to knighthood.



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## TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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